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THE
Man of Mode,
OR,
Sr Fopling Flutter.
A
COMEDY
Acted at the *Duke's Theatre.*

By Sir *George Etherege.*

LICENSED,

June 3. 1676. *Roger L'Estrange.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Macock,* for *Henry Herringman,* and are to be sold by *Jos. Knight,* and *Fr. Saunders,* at the Sign of the *Blue Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New-Exchange,* 1684.

AXSON
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1684

TO HER

Royal Highneſs

THE

DUCHESSE.

Madam,

POets, however they may be modeſt otherwiſe, have always too good an opinion of what they write. The World when it ſees this Play Dedicated to *Your Royal Highneſs*, will conclude, I have more than my ſhare of that Vanity. But, I hope, the honour I have of belonging to You, will excuſe my preſumption. 'Tis the firſt thing I have produc'd in Your Service, and my Duty obliges me to what my choice durſt not elſe have aſpir'd.

I am very ſenſible, *Madam*, how much it is beholding to Your Indulgence, for the ſucceſs it had in the Acting, and Your Protection will be no leſs fortunate to it in the Printing; for all are ſo ambitious of making their Court to You, that none can be ſevere to what you are pleas'd to favour.

This univerſal ſubmiſſion and reſpect is due to the greatneſs of Your Rank and Birth; but You have other Illuſtrious Qualities, which are much more ingaging. Thoſe wou'd but dazle, did not

these really charm the Eyes and Understandings of all who have the Happiness to approach You.

Authors on these occasions are never wanting to publish a particular of their Patrons Virtues and perfections; but *Your Royal Highness's* are so eminently known, that did I follow their Examples, I shou'd but paint those wonders here, of which every one already has the Idea in his mind. Besides, I do not think it proper to aim at that in Prose, which is so glorious a subject for Verse; in which hereafter if I show more zeal than skill, it will not grieve me much, since I less passionately desire to be esteem'd a Poet, than to be thought,

Madam,

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble, most obedient,

and most faithful Servant,

George Etherege.

PROLOGUE.

By Sir *Car Scroope* Baronet.

Like Dancers on the Ropes poor Poets fare,
Moſt periſh young, the reſt in danger are;
This (one wou'd think) ſhou'd make our Authors wary,
But Gameſter like the Giddy Fools miſcarry.
A lucky hand or two ſo tempts 'em on,
They cannot leave of Play till they're undone.
With modeſt Fears a Muſe does firſt begin,
Like a young Wench newly entic'd to Sin:
But tickl'd once with praiſe, by her good Will,
The Wanton Fool wou'd never more lie ſtill.
'Tis an old Mrs. you'll meet here to night,
Whoſe charms you once have lookt on with delight.
But now of late ſuch dirty Drabs have known yee,
A Muſe o' th' better ſort's aſham'd to own yee.
Nature well drawn and Wit muſt now give place
To gawdy Nonſence and to dull Grimace;
Nor is it ſtrange that you ſhou'd like ſo much
That kind of Wit, for moſt of yours is ſuch.
But I'm afraid that while to France *we go,*
To bring you home Fine Dreſſes, Dance and Show:
The Stage like you will but more Foppiſh grow.
Of foreign Wares why ſhou'd we fetch the ſcum,
When we can be ſo richly ſerv'd at home?
For Heav'n be thankt 'tis not ſo wiſe an Age,
But your own Follies may ſupply the Stage.
Tho' often plow'd, there's no great Fear the ſoil
Should Barren grow by the too frequent toil;
While at your Doors are to be daily found,
Such loads of Dung-hill to manure the ground.
'Tis by your Follies that we Players thrive,
As the Phyſicians by Diſeaſes live.
And as each year ſome new diſtemper Reigns,
Whoſe friendly poiſon helps t' increaſe their gains:
So among you, there ſtarts up every day,
Some new unheard of Fool for us to Play.
Then for your own ſakes be not too ſevere,
Nor what you all admire at home, Damn here.
Since each is fond of his own ugly Face,
Why ſhou'd you, when we hold it, break the Glaſs?

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mr. *Dorimant*,
Mr. *Medley*,
Old *Bellair*,
Young *Bellair*,
Sir *Fopling Flutter*, } Gentlemen.

Lady *Townley*,
Emilia,
Mrs. *Loveit*,
Bellinda,
Lady *Woodvil*, and
Harriet her Daughter, } Gentlewomen.

Pert,
and
Buſy, } Waiting Women.

A Shoomaker.
An Orange-woman.
Three Slovenly Bullies.
Two Chair-men.
Mr. *Smirk*, *a Parſon.*
Handy, *a Valet de Chambre.*
Pages, *Footmen*, &c.

THE

THE MAN of MODE, OR, Sr Fopling Flutter.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Dreſſing Room, a Table Covered with a Toilet, Cloaths laid ready.

Enter Dorimant *in his Gown and Slippers, with a Note in his hand made up, repeating Verſes.*

Dor. NOW *for ſome Ages had the Pride of* Spain,
Made the Sun ſhine on half the World in vain.
[*Then looking on the Note.*

For Mrs. Loveit.
What a dull inſipid thing is a Billet doux written in
Cold blood, after the heat of the buſineſs is over?
It is a Tax upon good nature which I have
Here been labouring to pay, and have done it,
But with as much regret, as ever Fanatick paid
The Royal Aid, or Church Duties; 'Twill
Have the ſame Fate I know that all my notes
To her have had of late, 'Twill not be thought
Kind enough. Faith women are i'the right
When they jealouſly examine our Letters, for in them
We always firſt diſcover our decay of paſſion. ——
Hay! —— Who waits? ——
Enter Handy.
Handy. Sir. ——

Dor.

Dor. Call a Footman.
Handy. None of 'em are come yet.
Dor. Dogs! will they ever lie ſnoring a Bed till Noon.
Handy. 'Tis all one, Sir: if they're up, you indulge 'em ſo,
They're ever poaching after Whores all the Morning.
Dor. Take notice henceforward who's wanting in his duty,
The next Clap he gets, he ſhall rot for an example.
What Vermin are thoſe Chattering without?
Handy. Foggy *Nan* the Orange Woman,
And ſwearing *Tom* the Shoomaker
Dor. Go; Call in that over-grown Jade with the Flasket of
Guts before her, fruit is refreſhing in a Morning.

It is not that I love you leſs [Exit *Handy.*
Than when before your feet I lay. [*Enter* Or. Wom.

How now double Tripe, what news do you bring?
Or. Wom. News! Here's the beſt fruit has come to Town
T'year, Gad I was up before Four a Clock this
Morning, and bought all the Choice i'the Market.
Dor. The naſty refuſe of your Shop.
Or. Wom. You need not make mouths at it, I aſſure you
'Tis all cull'd ware.
Dor. The Citizens buy better on a Holiday in their
Walk to *Totnam.*
Or. Wom. Good or bad, tis all one, I never knew you
Commend any thing, Lord wou'd the Ladies had
Heard you talk of 'em as I have done: here
Bid your Man give me an Angel. [*Sets down the Fruit.*
Dor. Give the Bawd her Fruit again.
Or. Wom. Well, on my Conſcience, there never was the
Like of you. God's my life, I had almoſt forgot
To tell you, there is a young Gentlewoman
Lately come to Town with her Mother, that is
So taken with you.
Dor. Is ſhe handſome?
Or. Wom. Nay, Gad there are few finer Women I tell you
But ſo. and a hugeous fortune they ſay. Here,
Eat this Peach, it comes from the Stone, 'tis
Better than any *Newington* y'have taſted.
Dor. This fine Woman I'll lay my life [*taking the Peach.*
Is ſome awkward ill faſhion'd Countrey Toad, who
Not having above Four Dozen of Black hairs
On her head, has adorn'd her baldneſs with
A large white Fruz, that ſhe may look ſparkiſhly

In

In the Fore Front of the King's Box, at an old Play.

Or. Wom. Gad, you'd change your note quickly if you Did but see her.

Dor. How came she to know me?

Or. Wom She saw you yesterday at the *Change*, she told Me, you came and fool'd with the Woman At the next Shop.

Dor. I remember there was a Mask observ'd me indeed. Fool'd did she say?

Or. Wom. Ay, I vow she told me Twenty things you said Too, and acted with head and with her Body So like you——

Enter Medley.

Medley. *Dorimant* my Life, my Joy, my darling Sin; how Dost thou.

Or. Wom. Lord, what a filthy trick these men have got of Kissing one another! [*She spits.*

Med. Why do you suffer this Cart-load of scandal to Come near you, and make your Neighbours Think you so improvident to need a Bawd?

Or. Wom. Good now, we shall have it, you did but want Him to help you; come, pay me for my Fruit.

Med. Make us thankful for it Huswife, Bawds are As much out of fashion as Gentlemen Ushers; None but old Formal Ladies use the one, and None but Foppish old Stagers employ the other: Go, you are an insignificant Brandy Bottle.

Dor. Nay, there you wrong her, three Quarts of Canary Is her business.

Or. Wom. What you please Gentlemen.

Dor. To him, give him as good as he brings.

Or. Wom. Hang him, there's not such another Heathen In the Town again, except it be the Shoomaker without.

Med. I shall see you hold up your hand at the Bar Next Sessions for Murder, Huswife; that Shoomaker can take his Oath you are in Fee With the Doctors to sell green Fruit to the Gentry, that the Crudities may breed Diseases.

Or. Wom. Pray give me my Money.

Dor. Not a penny, when you bring the Gentlewoman Hither you spoke of, you shall be paid.

Or. Wom. The Gentlewoman! the Gentlewoman may be

As honeſt as your Siſters for ought as I know.
Pray pay me, Mr. *Dorimant*, and do not
Abuſe me ſo, I have an honeſter way of living,
You know it.

Med. Was there ever ſuch a reſty Bawd?

Dor. Some Jades tricks ſhe has, but ſhe makes amends
When ſhe's in good humour: Come, tell me the
Ladies name, and *Handy* ſhall pay you.

Or. wom. I muſt not, ſhe forbid me.

Dor. That's a ſure ſign ſhe wou'd have you.

Med. Where does ſhe live?

Or. Wom. They lodge at my Houſe.

Med. Nay, then ſhe's in a hopeful way.

Or. Wom. Good Mr. *Medley*, ſay your pleaſure of me, but
Take heed how you affront my Houſe,
God's my life, in a hopeful way!

Dor. Prithee, peace, what kind of Woman's the Mother?

Or. Wom. A goodly grave Gentlewoman, Lord how
She talks againſt the wild young men o'the
Town; as for your part ſhe thinks you an
Arrant Devil, ſhou'd ſhe ſee you, on my Conſcience
She wou'd look if you had not a Cloven foot.

Dor. Does ſhe know me?

Or. Wom. Only by hearſay, a Thouſand horrid Stories
Have been told her of you, and ſhe
Believes 'em all.

Med. By the Character, this ſhould be the Famous
Lady *Woodvil*, and her Daughter *Harriet*.

Or. Wom. The Devil's in him for gueſſing I think.

Dor. Do you know 'em?

Med. Both very well, the Mother's a great admirer of the
Forms and Civilities of the laſt Age.

Dor. An antiquated beauty may be allow'd to
Be out of humour at the freedoms of the preſent.
This is a good account of the Mother, Pray
What is the Daughter?

Med. Why, firſt ſhe's an Heireſs vaſtly rich.

Dor. And handſome?

Med. What an alteration a Twelve-month may have
Bred in her I know not, but a year ago
She was the beautifulleſt Creature I ever ſaw;
A fine, eaſie, clean ſhape, light brown
Hair in abundance; her Features regular, her
Complexion clear and lively, large wanton Eyes,

But above all, a mouth that has made
Me kiſs it a thouſand times in imagination,
Teeth white and even, and pretty pouting
Lips, with a little moiſture ever hanging on them,
That look like the Province Roſe
Freſh on the Buſh, 'ere the Morning Sun has quite
Drawn up the dew.

Dor. Rapture, meer Rapture!

Or. Wom. Nay, Gad he tells you true,
She's a delicate Creature.

Dor. Has ſhe Wit?

Med. More than is uſual in her Sex, and as much malice.
Then ſhe's as wild as you'd wiſh her,
And has a demureneſs in her looks that makes
It ſo ſurpriſing.

Dor. Fleſh and blood cannot hear this
And not long to know her.

Med. I wonder what makes her Mother bring her
Up to Town, an old doating Keeper cannot
Be more jealous of his Miſtreſs.

Or. Wom. She made me laugh yeſterday, there was
A Judge came to viſit 'em, and the old man
She told me did ſo ſtare upon her, and when he
Saluted her, ſmack'd ſo heartily; who wou'd think
It of 'em?

Med. God a-mercy Judge.

Dor. Do 'em right, the Gentlemen of the long Robe
Have not been wanting by their good Examples
To countenance the crying ſin o'the Nation.

Med. Come, on with your Trappings, 'tis later than
You imagine.

Dor. Call in the Shoomaker, *Handy.*

Or. Wom. Good, Mr. *Dorimant* pay me, Gad I had
Rather give you my fruit than ſtay to be
Abus'd by that foul-mouth'd Rogue;
What you Gentlemen ſay it matters not
Much, but ſuch a dirty Fellow does one more diſgrace.

Dor. Give her Ten ſhillings, and be ſure you tell
The young Gentlewoman I muſt be
Acquainted with her.

Or. Wom. Now do you long to be tempting this pretty
Creature. Well, Heavens mend you.

Med. Farewel Bogg. [*Exit* Or. Woman *and* Handy.
Dorimant, when did you ſee your

Pis aller as you call her, Mrs. *Loveit*?

Dor. Not these two days.

Med. And how stand affairs between you?

Dor. There has been great patching of late, much Ado we make a shift to hang together.

Med. I wonder how her mighty Spirit bears it.

Dor. Ill enough on all Conscience, I never knew so Violent a Creature.

Med. She's the most passionate in her Love, and The most extravagant in her Jealousie of Any Woman I ever heard of. What Note is that?

Dor. An excuse I am going to send her for the Neglect I am guilty of.

Med. Prithee read it.

Dor. No, but if you'll take the pains, you may.

Medley *reads.*

Med. *I never was a Lover of business, but now I have a just Raeson to hate it, since it has kept me these two days From seeing you. I intend to wait upon you in the Afternoon, and in the pleasure of your Conversation, Forget all I have suffer'd during this tedious absence.*

This business of yours *Dorimant* has been With a Vizard at the Play-house, I have Had an Eye on you. If some malicious body Shou'd betray you, this kind note wou'd hardly Make your peace with her.

Dor. I desire no better.

Med. Why, wou'd her knowledge of it oblige you?

Dor. Most infinitely; next to the coming to a good Understanding with a new Mistress, I love a quarrel with an old one, but the Devil's in't, there has been such a calm in My affairs of late, I have not had the pleasure Of making a Woman so much as break Her Fan, to be sullen, or forswear her self, These three days.

Med. A very great Misfortune, let me see, I love Mischief well enough; to forward this business My self I'll about it presently, and though I Know the truth of what y'ave done, will set her A raving, I'll heighten it a little with Invention, Leave her in a Fit o'the Mother, and be here Again before y'are ready.

Dor.

Dor. Pray ſtay, you may ſpare your ſelf the Labour,
The buſineſs is undertaken already by
One who will manage it with as much addreſs, and
I think with a little more Malice than you can.
Med. Who i'the Devils name can this be!
Dor. Why the Vizard, that very Vizard you ſaw
Me with.
Med. Does ſhe love miſchief ſo well, as to betray
Her ſelf to ſpight another?
Dor. Not ſo neither, *Medley*, I will make you comprehend
The myſtery; this Maſque for a farther
Confirmation of what I have been theſe two days
Swearing to her, made me yeſterday at the Play-houſe
Make her a promiſe before her face, utterly to break off
With *Loveit*; and becauſe ſhe tenders my reputation,
And wou'd not have me do a barbarous thing, has
Contriv'd a way to give me a handſome occaſion.
Med. Very good.
Dor. She intends about an hour before me, this
Afternoon, to make *Loveit* a viſit, and (having
The priviledge by reaſon of a profeſs'd Friendſhip
Between 'em to talk of her concerns)
Med. Is ſhe a Friend?
Dor. Oh, an intimate Friend!
Med. Better and better, pray proceed.
Dor. She means inſenſibly to inſiuuate a
Diſcourſe of me, and artificially raiſe her Jealouſie
To ſuch a height, that tranſported with the
Firſt motions of her paſſion ſhe ſhall fly
Upon me with all the Fury imaginable:
As ſoon as ever I enter, the Quarrel being
Thus happily begun, I am to play my part,
Confeſs and juſtifie all my Roguery,
Swear her impertinence and ill humour makes
Her intolerable, tax her with the next Fop
That comes into my head, and in a huff
March away, ſlight her and leave her
To be taken by whoſoever thinks it worth
His time to lie down before her.
Med. This Vizard is a ſpark, and has a Genius that
Makes her worthy of your ſelf, *Dorimant*.

Enter Handy, Shoomaker, *and* Footman.

Dor. You Rogue there, who ſneak like a Dog that

Has

Has flung down a Diſh, if you do not mend
Your waiting, I'le uncaſe you, and turn you
Looſe to the Wheel of Fortune. *Handy*,
Seal this, and let him run with it preſently.
[*Exit* Handy *and* Footman.

Med. Since y'are reſolv'd on a Quarrel, why do
You ſend her this kind note?

Dor. To keep her at home in order to the buſineſs.
How now you drunken Sot? [*To the Shoomaker.*

Shoom. 'Zbud, you have no reaſon to talk, I have
Not had a Bottle of Sack of yours in my Belly
This Fortnight.

Med. The *Orange Woman* ſays, your Neighbours take
Notice what a Heathen you are, and
Deſign to inform the Biſhop, and have you burn'd
For an Atheiſt.

Shoom. Damn her, Dung-hill, if her Husband does
Not remove her, ſhe ſtinks ſo, the Pariſh
Intend to indite him for a Nuſance.

Med. I adviſe you like a Friend, reform your
Life, you have brought the envy of the World
Upon you, by living above your ſelf.
Whoring and Swearing are Vices too gentile
For a Shoomaker.

Shoom. 'Zbud, I think you men of quality will grow
As unreaſonable as the Women; you wou'd
Ingroſs the ſins o'the Nation; poor Folks
Can no ſooner be wicked, but th'are rail'd
At by their Betters.

Dor. Sirrah, I'll have you ſtand i'the Pillory
For this Libel.

Shoom. Some of you deſerve it, I'm ſure, there
Are ſo many of 'em, that our Journey-men now adays
Inſtead of harmleſs Ballads, ſing nothing
But your damn'd Lampoons.

Dor. Our Lampoons, you Rogue?

Shoom. Nay, Good Maſter, why ſhou'd not you
Write your own Commentaries as well as *Cæſar?*

Med. The Raskal's read, I perceive.

Shoom. You know the old Proverb, Ale and Hiſtory.

Dor. Draw on my Shooes, Sirrah.

Shoom. Here's a Shooe.

Dor. Sits with more wrinkles than there are
In an Angry Bullies Forehead.

Shoom.

Shoom. 'Zbud, as ſmooth as your Miſtreſſes skin
Does upon her, ſo, ſtrike your foot in home.
'Zbud, if e're a Monſieur of 'em all
Make more faſhionable Ware, I'll be content
To have my Ears whip'd off with my own
Paring Knife.

Med. And ſerv'd up in a Ragouſt, inſtead of
Coxcombs to a Company of French Shoomakers
For a Collation.

Shoom. Hold, hold, damn 'em Catterpillars, let 'em
Feed upon Cabbage; Come Maſter, your health
This Morning next my heart now.

Dor. Go, get you home, and govern your Family better;
Do not let your Wife follow you to the
Ale-houſe, beat your Whore, and lead you
Home in Triumph.

Shoom. 'Zbud, there's never a man i'th' Town lives more like
A Gentleman, with his Wife, than I do.
I never mind her motions, ſhe never inquires
Into mine, we ſpeak one to another Civilly,
Hate one another heartily, and becauſe 'tis vulgar
To lie and ſoak together, we have each of us
Our ſeveral Settle-bed.

Dor. Give him half a Crown.

Med. Not without he will promiſe to be bloody drunk.

Shoom. Tope's the word i'the Eye of the World for my
Maſters honour, *Robin.*

Dor. Do not debauch my Servants, Sirrah.

Shoom. I only tip him the wink, he knows an
Ale-houſe from a Hovel. [*Exit* Shoomaker.

Dor. My Cloaths quickly.

Med. Where ſhall we dine to day? [*Enter* Bellair.

Dor. Where you will; here comes a good
Third man.

Bell. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

Med. Gentle Sir; how will you anſwer this
Viſit to your honorable Miſtreſs? 'tis not
Her intereſt you ſhou'd keep Company
With men of ſence, who will be talking reaſon.

Bell. I do not fear her pardon, do you but
Grant me yours, for my neglect of late.

Med. Though y'ave made us miſerable by the
Want of your good Company; to ſhew you
I am free from all reſentment, may the

Beautiful

Beautiful cauſe of our misfortune,
Give you all the Joys happy Lovers
Have ſhar'd ever ſince the World began.
Bell. You wiſh me in Heaven, but you believe
Me on my Journey to Hell.
Med. You have a good ſtrong Faith, and that may contribute
Much toward your Salvation. I confeſs I am
But of an outward Conſtitution, apt to have
Doubts and Scruples, and in Love they are no leſs
Diſtracting than in Religion; were I ſo near
Marriage, I ſhould cry out by fits as I ride
In my Coach, Cuckold, Cuckold, with no leſs fury than
The mad Fanatick does glory in *Bethlem*.
Bell. Becauſe Religion makes ſome run mad,
Muſt I live an Atheiſt?
Med. Is it not great indiſcretion for a man
Of Credit, who may have money enough on
His Word, to go and deal with Jews; who for
Little ſums make men enter into Bonds,
And give Judgments?
Bell. Preach no more on this Text, I am
Determin'd, and there is no hope of my Converſion.
Dor. Leave your unneceſſary fidling; a Waſp
That's buzzing about a Mans Noſe at
Dinner is not more troubleſome than thou art.
[*To* Handy *who is fidling about him.*
Hand. You love to have your Cloaths hang juſt, Sir.
Dor. I love to be well dreſs'd, Sir: and think it
No ſcandal to my underſtanding.
Hand. Will you uſe the Eſſence or Orange-Flower-Water?
Dor. I will ſmell as I do to day, no offence
To the Ladies Noſes.
Hand. Your pleaſure, Sir.
Dor. That a mans excellency ſhould lie in
Neatly tying of a Ribbond, or a Crevat! how
Careful's nature in furniſhing the World
With neceſſary Coxcombs!
Bell. That's a mighty pretty Suit of yours, *Dorimant*.
Dor. I am glad 't has your approbation.
Bell. No man in Town has a better fancy in
His Cloaths than you have.
Dor. You will make me have an opinion of my Genius.
Med. There is a great Critick I hear in theſe matters
Lately arriv'd piping hot from *Paris*.

Bell.

Bell. Sir *Fopling Flutter* you mean.

Med. The ſame.

Bell. He thinks himſelf the Pattern of modern Gallantry.

Dor. He is indeed the Pattern of modern Foppery.

Med. He was Yeſterday at the Play, with a pair of Gloves Up to his Elbows, and a Periwig more exactly Curl'd Then a Ladies head newly dreſs'd for a Ball.

Bell. What a pretty liſp he has!

Dor. Ho, that he affects in imitation of the people of Quality of *France.*

Med. His head ſtands, for the moſt part, on one ſide, And his looks are more languiſhing than A Ladies, when ſhe loll's at ſtretch in her Coach, or leans her head careleſly againſt the Side of a Box i'the Playhouſe.

Dor. He is a perſon indeed of great acquired Follies.

Med. He is like many others, beholding to his Education for making him ſo eminent a Coxcomb; many a Fool had been loſt To the World, had their indulgent Parents Wiſely beſtow'd neither Learning nor Good breeding on 'em.

Bell. He has been, as the ſparkiſh word is, Brisk Upon the Ladies already, he was yeſterday At my Aunt *Towleys*, and gave Mrs. *Loveit* a Catalogue of his good Qualities, Under the Character of a Compleat Gentleman, Who according to Sir *Fopling*, ought to dreſs well, Dance well, Fence well, have a genius for Love Letters, An agreeable voice for a Chamber, Be very Amorous, ſomething diſcreet, But not over Conſtant.

Med. Pretty Ingredients to make an accompliſht Perſon.

Dor. I am glad he pitcht upon *Loveit.*

Bell. How ſo?

Dor. I wanted a Fop to lay to her Charge, and this Is as pat as may be.

Bell. I am confident ſhe loves No man but you.

Dor. The good fortune were enough to make me vain, But that I am in my nature modeſt.

Bell. Hark you *Dorimant*, with your leave Mr. *Medley*,

'Tis only a ſecret concerning a fair Lady.

Med. Your good breeding Sir, gives you too much trouble,
You might have whiſper'd without all this
Ceremony.
How ſtand your affairs with *Bellinda* of late?
[*To* Dorimant.

Dor. She's a little Jilting Baggage.

Bell. Nay, I believe her falſe enough, but
She's ne're the worſe for your purpoſe; ſhe was
With you yeſterday in a diſguiſe at the Play.

Dor. There we fell out, and reſolv'd never to ſpeak
To one another more.

Bell. The Occaſion?

Dor. Want of Courage to meet me at the place appointed.
Theſe young Women apprehend loving, as much
As the young Men do fighting at firſt;
But once enter'd, like them too they all
Turn Bullies ſtraight. *Enter* Handy *to* Bellair.

Handy. Sir, Your man without deſires to ſpeak with you.

Bell. Gentlemen, I'll return immediately. *Exit* Bellair.

Med. A very pretty Fellow this.

Dor. He's handſome, well-bred, and by much the moſt
Tolerable of all the young men that do not abound in wit.

Med. Ever well dreſs'd, always complaiſant, and
Seldom impertinent; you and he are grown
Very intimate I ſee.

Dor. It is our mutual intereſt to be ſo; it
Makes the Women think the better of his
Underſtanding, and judge more favourably of my
Reputation; it makes him paſs upon ſome for
A man of very good ſenſe, and I upon others for a
Very civil perſon.

Med. What was that whiſper?

Dor. A thing that he wou'd fain have known,
But I did not think it fit to tell him;
It might have frighted him from his honourable
Intentions of Marrying.

Med. Emilia, give her her due, has the beſt reputation
Of any young Woman about the Town; who
Has beauty enough to provoke detraction; her Carriage
Is unaffected, her diſcourſe modeſt, not at all cenſorious,
Nor pretending like the Counterfeits of the Age.

Dor. She's a diſcreet Maid, and I believe nothing can
Corrupt her but a Husband.

Med.

Med. A Husband?

Dor. Yes, a Husband; I have known many Women make
A difficulty of losing a Maidenhead, who
Have afterwards made none of making a Cuckold.

Med. This prudent consideration I am apt to think
Has made you confirm poor *Bellair* in the
Desperate resolution he has taken.

Dor. Indeed the little hope I found there was of her, in
The state she was in, has made me by my
Advice, contribute something towards the
Changing of her condition. [*Enter* Bellair.
Dear *Bellair*, by Heavens
I thought we had lost thee; men in love
Are never to be reckon'd on when we wou'd
Form a Company.

Bell. Dorimant, I am undone, my man has brought
The most surprising news i'the World.

Med. Some strange misfortune is befaln your love.

Bell. My Father came to Town last night, and
Lodges i'the very House where *Emilia* lies.

Med. Does he know it is with her you are in love?

Bell. He knows I love, but knows not whom, without
Some officious Sot has betray'd me.

Dor. Your Aunt *Townley* is your Confident, and favours
The business.

Bell. I do not apprehend any ill office from her.
I have received a letter, in which I am commanded
By my Father to meet him at my Aunts this Afternoon;
He tells me farther, he has made a match for me, and bids
Me resolve to be obedient to his Will, or expect to
Be disinherited.

Med. Now's your time, *Bellair*, never had Lover such
An opportunity of giving a generous proof of his passion.

Bell. As how I pray?

Med. Why, hang an Estate, marry *Emilia* out of hand,
And provoke your Father to do what he threatens;
'Tis but despising a Coach, humbling your self
To a pair of Goloshoes, being out of countenance
When you meet your Friends, pointed at and pitied
Where-ever you go, by all the Amorous Fops
That know you, and your fame will be immortal.

Bell. I cou'd find in my heart to resolve not to marry at all.

Dor. Fie, fie, that would spoil a good jest, and disappoint
The well-natur'd Town of an occasion of laughing at you.

Bell. The ſtorm I have ſo long expected, hangs
O're my head, and begins to pour down upon me;
I am on the Rack, and can have no reſt till I'm
Satisfied in what I fear; where do you dine?

Dor. At *Longs*, or *Lockets.*

Med. At *Longs* let it be.

Bell. I'll run and ſee *Emilia*, and inform my ſelf
How matters ſtand; if my misfortunes are not
So great as to make me unfit for Company,
I'll be with you. [*Exit* Bellair.

Enter a Footman *with a Letter.*

Footm. Here's a Letter, Sir. [*To* Dorimant.

Dor. The Superſcription's right; For Mr. *Dorimant.*

Med. Let's ſee the very ſcrawl and ſpelling of a
True-bred Whore.

Dor. I know the hand, the ſtile is admirable I aſſure you.

Med. Prethee read it.

Dor. *Reads.*

I told a you you dud not love me, if you dud,
You wou'd have ſeen me again e're now; I
Have no money and am very mallicolly;
Pray ſend me a Guynie to ſee the Operies.

Your Servant to Command,

Molly.

Med. Pray let the Whore have a favourable
Anſwer, that ſhe may ſpark it in a Box,
And do honour to her profeſſion.

Dor. She ſhall; and perk up i'the face of Quality.
Is the Coach at the Door?

Hand. You did not bid me ſend for it.

Dor. Eternal Blockhead! [Handy *offers to go out.*
Hay Sot.——

Hand. Did you call me, Sir?

Dor. I hope you have no juſt exception to the name, Sir?

Hand. I have ſenſe, Sir.

Dor. Not ſo much as a Fly in Winter:——
How did you come, *Medley?*

Med.

Med. In a Chair.
Footm. You may have a Hackney Coach if you pleaſe, Sir.
Dor. I may ride the Elephant if I pleaſe, Sir;
Call another Chair, and let my Coach follow to *Longs.*
Be calm ye great Parents, &c. [*Ex. Singing.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter my Lady Townly, *and* Emilia.

Lady Townly. I Was afraid, *Emilia*, all had been diſcover'd.
Emil. I tremble with the apprehenſion ſtill.
Town. That my Brother ſhould take Lodgings i'the
Very Houſe where you lie.
Emil. 'Twas lucky, we had timely notice to warn the
People to be ſecret, he ſeems to be a mighty good
Humour'd old man.
Town. He ever had a notable ſmerking way with him.
Emil. He calls me Rogue, tells me he can't abide me;
And does ſo bepat me.
Town. On my word you are much in his favour then.
Emil. He has been very inquiſitive I am told about my
Family, my Reputation, and my Fortune.
Town. I am confident he does not i'the leaſt ſuſpect
You are the Woman his Son's in Love with.
Emil. What ſhou'd make him then inform himſelf ſo
Particularly of me?
Town. He was always of a very loving Temper himſelf;
It may be he has a doating Fit upon him, who knows.
Emil. It cannot be. [*Enter* Young Bellair.
Town. Here comes my Nephew. Where did
You leave your Father?
Y. Bell. Writing a Note within; *Emilia*, this early viſit
Looks as if ſome kind Jealouſie wou'd not let you
Reſt at home.
Emil. The knowledge I have of my Rival,
Gives me a little cauſe to fear your Conſtancy.
Y. Bell. My Conſtancy! I vow ———
Emil. Do not vow — Our love is frail as is our life, and
Full as little in our power, and are you ſure you ſhall
Out-live this day?

Y. Bell.

Y. Bell. I am not, but when we are in perfect health, 'twere
An idle thing to fright our selves with the thoughts of
Sudden death.

Town. Pray what has past between you and your Father
I'the Garden?

Y. Bell. He's firm in his resolution,
Tells me I must marry Mrs. *Harriet*,
Or swears he'll marry himself,
And disinherit me. When I saw I could not
Prevail with him to be more indulgent, I dissembled
An Obedience to his Will, which has compos'd his passion,
And will give us time, and I hope opportunity to
Deceive him. [*Enter* Old Bellair, *with a Note in his hand.*

Town. Peace, here he comes.

Old Bell. *Harry*, take this, and let your man carry it for me
To Mr. *Fourbes* Chamber, my Lawyer i'the Temple.
Neighbour, a Dod I am glad to see thee here, [*To* Emilia.
Make much of her Sister, she's one
Of the best of your acquaintance; I like her
Countenance and her Behaviour well, she has
A Modesty that is not common i'this Age, a Dod,
She has.

Town. I know her value, Brother, and esteem her accordingly.

Old Bell. Advise her to wear a little more mirth in her
Face, a Dod she's too serious.

Town. The fault is very excusable in a young Woman.

Old Bell. Nay, a Dod, I like her ne're the worse,
A Melancholy Beauty has her Charms,
I love a pretty sadness in a Face, which varies
Now and then, like changeable Colours, into a smile.

Town. Methinks you speak very feelingly, Brother.

Old Bell. I am but Five and Fifty, Sister, you know, an
Age not altogether unsensible! chear up sweet [*To* Emilia.
Heart; I have a secret to tell thee, may
Chance to make thee merry, we three will make
Collation together anon, i'the mean time
Mum, I can't abide you, go, I can't
Abide you.—— *Harry*, Come, you [*Enter* Young Bellair.
Must along with me to Lady *Woodvills*.
I am going to slip the Boy at a Mistress.

Y. Bell. At a Wife, Sir, you wou'd say.

Old Bell. You need not look so glum, Sir,
A Wife is no Curse when she brings the Blessing
Of a good Estate with her, but an idle Town

Flirt,

Flurt, with a painted Face, a rotten Reputation,
And a craſie Fortune, a Dod is the Devil and all,
And ſuch a one I hear you are in League with.
Y. Bell. I cannot help detraction, Sir.
Old Bell. Out, a piſe o'their Breeches, there are
Keeping Fools enough for ſuch flaunting
Baggages, and they are e'ne too good for 'em.
Remember Night, go y'are a Rogue, y'are [*To* Emilia.
A Rogue; fare you well; come, come,
Come along, Sir. [*Ex.* Old *and* Y. Bellair.
Town. On my Word the old man comes on apace;
I'll lay my life he's ſmitten.
Emil. This is nothing but the pleaſantneſs of his humour.
Town. I know him better than you, let it work,
It may prove lucky. [*Enter a* Page.
Page. Madam, Mr. *Medley* has ſent to know
Whether a Viſit will not be troubleſome
This Afternoon?
Town. Send him word, his viſits never are ſo.
Emilia. He's a very pleaſant man.
Town. He's a very neceſſary man among us Women;
He's not ſcandalous i'the leaſt, perpetually
Contriving to bring good Company together,
And always ready to ſtop up a gap at Ombre,
Then he knows all the little news i'the Town.
Emilia. I love to hear him talk o'the Intrigues,
Let 'em be never ſo dull in themſelves, he'll
Make 'em pleaſant i'the relation
Town. But he improves things ſo much, one can take no
Meaſure of the Truth from him.
Mr. *Dorimant* ſwears a Flea or a Maggot is
Not made more monſtruous by a magnifying
Glaſs, than a ſtory is by his telling it.
Emilia. Hold, here he comes. [*Enter* Medley.
Town. Mr. *Medley*.
Med. Your Servant, Madam.
Town. You have made your ſelf a Stranger of late.
Emilia. I believe you took a ſurfeit at Ombre
Laſt time you were here.
Med. Indeed I had my Belly full of that Tarmagant
Lady Dealer; there never was ſo unſatiable
A Carder, an old Gleeker never lov'd to ſit
To't like her; I have plaid with her now at
Leaſt a dozen times, till ſhe'as worn out all

Her

Her fine Complexion, and her Tour wou'd
Keep in Curl no longer.

Town. Blame her not poor Woman, ſhe loves nothing
So well as a black Ace.

Med. The pleaſure I have ſeen her in when ſhe has had hope
In drawing for a Matadore.

Emilia. 'Tis as pretty ſport to her, as perſwading
Masks off is to you to make diſcoveries.

Town. Pray where's your Friend, Mr. *Dorimant?*

Med. Solliciting his affairs, he's a man of great
Imployment, has more Miſtreſſes now depending,
Than the moſt eminent Lawyer in *England*
Has Cauſes.

Emilia. Here has been Mrs. *Loveit*, ſo uneaſie and
Out of humour theſe two days.

Town. How ſtrangely Love and Jealouſie rage
In that poor Woman!

Med. She cou'd not have pick'd out a Devil
Upon Earth ſo proper to torment her,
Has made her break a dozen or two of
Fans already, tare half a ſcore Points in pieces,
And deſtroy Hoods and Knots without number.

Town. We heard of a pleaſant Serenade he gave
Her t'other Night.

Med. A Daniſh Serenade with Kettle Drums, and Trumpets.

Emilia. Oh Barbarous!

Med. What, you are of the number of the Ladies, whoſe
Ears are grown ſo delicate ſince our
Operas, you can be charm'd with nothing
But Flute doux, and French Hoboys.

Emilia. Leave your raillery, and tell us, is there any
New Wit come forth, Songs or Novels?

Med. A very pretty piece of gallantry, by an
Eminent Author, call'd *the diverſions of*
Bruxells, very neceſſary to be read by all
Old Ladies who are deſirous to improve themſelves
At Queſtions and Commands, Blindmans Buff,
And the like faſhionable recreations.

Emilia. Oh Ridiculous!

Med. Then there is the Art of affectation, written
By a late Beauty of Quality, teaching you how
To draw up your Breaſts, ſtretch up your neck,
To thruſt out your Breech, to play with your Head,
To toſs up your Noſe, to bite your Lips, to turn

Up

Up your Eyes, to ſpeak in a ſilly ſoft tone of
A Voice, and uſe all the Fooliſh French Words,
That will infallibly make your perſon and
Converſation charming, with a ſhort apologie
At the latter end, in the behalf of young Ladies,
Who notoriouſly waſh, and paint, though they
Have naturally good Complexions.

Emilia. What a deal of ſtuff you tell us?

Med. Such as the Town affords, Madam.
The *Ruſſians* hearing the great reſpect we
Have for Foreign Dancing, have lately ſent
Over ſome of their beſt Balladins, who are
Now practiſing a famous Ballat, which will
Be ſuddenly danc'd at the *Bear-Garden.*

Town. Pray forbear your idle ſtories, and give us
An account of the ſtate of Love, as it now ſtands.

Med. Truly there has been ſome revolutions in thoſe
Affairs, great chopping and changing among the
Old, and ſome new Lovers, whom malice,
Indiſcretion, and misfortune, have luckily
Brought into play.

Town. What think you of walking into the next Room,
And ſitting down before you engage in this buſineſs?

Med. I wait upon you, and I hope (though Women
Are commonly unreaſonable) by the plenty of
Scandal I ſhall diſcover, to give you very good
Content, Ladies.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Loveit *and* Pert.

[*Mrs.* Loveit *putting up a Letter, then pulling out her pocket Glaſs, and looking in it.*

Loveit. Pert.

Pert. Madam.

Loveit. I hate my ſelf, I look ſo ill to day.

Pert. Hate the wicked cauſe on't, that baſe man
Mr. *Dorimant*, who makes you torment and
Vex your ſelf continually.

Loveit. He is to blame indeed.

Pert. To blame to be two days without ſending,

 Writing,

Writing, or coming near you, contrary to
His Oath and Covenant; 'Twas to much
Purpoſe to make him ſwear; I'll lay my
Life there's not an Article but he has broken,
Talk'd to the Vizards i'the Pit, waited upon the
Ladies from the Boxes to their Coaches; gone behind
The Scenes, and fawn'd upon thoſe little inſignificant
Creatures, the Players; 'tis impoſſible for a man
Of his inconſtant temper to forbear I'm ſure.

Lov. I know he's a Devil, but he has ſomething of the
Angel yet undefac'd in him, which
Makes him ſo charming and agreeable, that
I muſt love him be he never ſo wicked.

Pert. I little thought, Madam, to ſee your ſpirit
Tamed to this degree, who baniſh'd poor
Mr. *Lackwit* but for taking up another Ladies
Fan in your preſence.

Lov. My knowing of ſuch odious Fools, contributes to the
Making of me love *Dorimant* the better.

Pert. Your knowing of Mr. *Dorimant*, in my mind,
Shou'd rather make you hate all mankind.

Loveit. So it does, beſides himſelf.

Pert. Pray, what excuſe does he make in his Letter?

Loveit. He has had buſineſs.

Pert. Buſineſs in general terms wou'd not have
Been a currant excuſe for another;
A Modiſh Man is always very buſie
When he's in purſuit of a new Miſtreſs.

Loveit. Some Fop has brib'd you to rail at him;
He had buſineſs, I will believe it, and will forgive him.

Pert. You may forgive him any thing, but I ſhall never
Forgive him his turning me into Ridicule,
As I hear he does.

Loveit. I perceive you are of the number of thoſe
Fools his Wit had made his Enemies.

Pert. I am of the number of thoſe he's pleas'd
To railly, Madam, and if we may believe
Mr. *Wagfan*, and Mr. *Caperwell*, he ſometimes
Makes merry with your ſelf too, among
His Laughing Companions.

Loveit. Blockheads are as malicious to witty men,
As ugly Women are to the handſome; 'tis
Their Intereſt, and they make it their buſineſs
To defame 'em.

Pert.

Pert. I wish Mr. *Dorimant* wou'd not make
It his business to defame you.
Loveit. Shou'd he, I had rather be made infamous
By him, than owe my reputation to the dull
Discretion of those Fops you talk off.
Bellinda! [*running to her.*

Enter Bellinda.

Bell. My Dear.
Loveit. You have been unkind of late.
Bell. Do not say unkind, say unhappy!
Loveit. I cou'd chide you,
Where have you been these two days?
Bell. Pity me rather my dear, where I have been
So tired with two or three Countrey Gentlewomen,
Whose conversation has been more
Unsufferable than a Countrey Fiddle.
Loveit. Are they Relations?
Bell. No, Welch acquaintance I made when I was last
Year at St. *Winefreds*, they have asked me a thousand
Questions of the Modes and Intrigues of the Town,
And I have told 'em almost as many things for news
That hardly were so, when their Gowns were in Fashion.
Loveit. Provoking Creatures, how cou'd you endure 'em?
Bell. Now to carry on my Plot, nothing but love
Cou'd make me capable of so much falshood; [*Aside.*
'Tis time to begin, lest *Dorimant* shou'd
Come before her Jealousie has stung her;
[*Laughs, and then speaks on.*
I was yesterday at a Play with 'em,
Where I was fain to shew 'em the living, as the
Man at *Westminster* does the dead. That is
Mrs. such a one, admired for her Beauty,
This is Mr. such a one, cry'd up for a Wit;
That is sparkish Mr. such a one, who
Keeps reverend Mrs. such a one, and there
Sits fine Mrs. such a one, who was lately
Cast off by my Lord such a one.
Loveit. Did you see *Dorimant* there?
Bell. I did, and imagine you were there with him,
And have no mind to own it.
Loveit. what shou'd make you think so?
Bell. A Lady mask'd in a pretty dishabillé

Whom *Dorimant* entertain'd with more
Reſpect, than the Gallants do a common Vizard.

Loveit. *Dorimant* at the Play entertaining a Mask,
Oh Heavens! [*Aſide.*

Bell. Good! [*Aſide.*

Loveit. Did he ſtay all the while?

Bell. 'Till the Play was done, and then led her
Out, which confirms me it was you.

Loveit. Traytor!

Pert. Now you may believe he had buſineſs, and
You may forgive him too.

Loveit. Ingrateful, perjur'd man!

Bell. You ſeem ſo much concern'd, my Dear,
I fear I have told you unawares what I
Had better have conceal'd for your Quiet.

Loveit. What manner of ſhape had ſhe?

Bell. Tall and ſlender, her motions were very gentile,
Certainly ſhe muſt be ſome perſon of condition.

Loveit. Shame and confuſion be ever in her
Face when ſhe ſhows it.

Bell. I ſhou'd blame your diſcretion for loving that
Wild man, my Dear, but they ſay he has a way
So bewitching, that few can defend their hearts
Who know him.

Loveit. I will tear him from mine, or die i'the attempt.

Bell. Be more moderate.

Loveit. Wou'd I had Daggers, Darts or poyſon'd Arrows
In my Breaſt, ſo I cou'd but remove the thoughts
Of him from thence.

Bell. Fie, fie, your tranſports are too violent, my Dear;
This may be but an accidental Gallantry,
And 'tis likely ended at her Coach.

Pert. Shou'd it proceed farther, let your comfort be,
The Conduct Mr. *Dorimant* affects, will
Quickly make you know your Rival, ten to one
Let you ſee her ruin'd, her reputation expos'd
To the Town, a happineſs none wi'l envy her
But your ſelf, Madam.

Loveit. Who e're ſhe be, all the harm I wiſh her, is, may
She love him as well as I do, and may he give her
As much cauſe to hate him.

Pert. Never doubt the latter end of your Curſe, Madam!

Loveit. May all the paſſions that are rais'd by neglected
Love, Jealouſie, Indignation, Spight and Thirſt of
Revenge,

Revenge, eternally rage in her Soul, as they do
Now in mine. [*Walks up and down with a distracted air.*

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. *Dorimant*———
Loveit. I will not see him.
Page. I told him you were within, Madam.
Loveit. Say you ly'd, say I'm busie, shut the door;
Say any thing.
Page. He's here, Madam. [*Enter* Dorimant.
Dor. They taste of death who do at Heaven arrive,
But we this Paradise approach alive.
What, dancing the Galloping Nag without a Fiddle?
[*To* Loveit
{ *Offers to catch her by the hand,*
{ *she flings away and walks on.*
I fear this restlessness of the body, Madam, [*pursuing her.*
Proceeds from an unquietness of the mind.
What unlucky accident puts you out of
Humour; a Point ill-washed, Knots spoil'd i'the
Making up, Hair shaded awry, or some
Other little mistake in setting you in order?
Pert. A trifle in my opinon, Sir, more inconsiderable
Than any you mention.
Dor. Oh Mrs. *Pert*, I never knew you sullen enough
To be silent, come, let me know the business.
Pert. The business, Sir, is the business that has taken you
Up these two days; how have I seen you
Laugh at men of business, and now to become a man
Of business your self!
Dor. We are not Masters of our own affections, our
Inclinaions daily alter; now we love pleasure, and
Anon we shall doat on business; humane
Frailty will have it so, and who can help it?
Loveit. Faithless, inhumane, barbarous man———
Dor. Good, now the Alarm strikes———
Loveit. Without sense of Love, of Honour, or of Gratitude,
Tell me, for I will know, what Devil mask'd
She was, you were with at the Play yesterday?
Dor. Faith, I resolv'd as much as you, but the
Devil was obstinate, and wou'd not tell me.
Loveit. False in this as in your Vows to me, you do know!
Dor. The truth is, I did all I cou'd to know.

Loveit.

Loveit. And dare you own it to my Face?
Hell and Furies! [*Tears her Fan in pieces.*
Dor. Spare your Fan, Madam, you are growing hot,
And will want it to cool you.
Loveit. Horrour and distraction seize you, Sorrow and
Remorse gnaw your Soul, and punish all your
Perjuries to me ——— [*Weeps.*
Dor. So Thunder breaks the Clouds in Twain,
And makes a passage for the Rain. [*Turning to* Bellinda.
Bellinda, you are the Devil that have rais'd
This storm; you were at the Play yesterday, [*To* Bellinda.
And have been making discoveries to your Dear.
Bell. Y'are the most mistaken Man i'the World.
Dor. It must be so, and here I vow revenge; resolve
To pursue, and persecute you more impertinently
Than ever any Loving Fop did his Mistress, hunt
You i'the *Park*, trace you i'the *Mall*, Dog
You in every Visit you make, haunt you at
The Plays, and i'the Drawing Room, hang my
Nose in your neck, and talk to you whether
You will or no, and ever look upon you with such
Dying Eyes, till your Friends grow jealous of me,
Send you out of Town, and the World suspect
Your reputation. [*In a lower voice.*
At my [*He looks kindly on* Bellinda.
Lady *Townley*'s when we go from hence.
Bell, I'll meet you there.
Dor. Enough.
Loveit. Stand off, you sha'not stare upon her so.
[*Pushing* Dorimant *away.*
Dor. Good! There's one made jealous already.
Loveit. Is this the constancy you vow'd?
Dor. Constancy at my years! 'tis not a Vertue in
Season, you might as well expect the Fruit the
Autumn ripens, i'the Spring.
Loveit. Monstrous Principle!
Dor. Youth has a long Journey to go, Madam, shou'd
I have set up my rest at the first Inn I lodg'd at,
I shou'd never have arriv'd at the happiness I now enjoy.
Loveit. Dissembler, damn'd Dissembler!
Dor. I am so I confess, good nature, and good manners
Corrupt me. I am honest in my inclinations, and
Wou'd not, wer't not to avoid offence, make
A Lady a little in years believe I think her young, wilfully
Mistake

Miſtake Art for Nature; and ſeem as fond of a thing
I am weary of, as when I doated on't in earneſt.
Loveit. Falſe Man.
Dor. True Woman.
Loveit. Now you begin to ſhow your ſelf!
Dor. Love gilds us over, and makes us ſhow fine things
To one another for a time, but ſoon the Gold
Wears off, and then again the native braſs appears.
Loveit. Think on your Oaths, your Vows and Proteſtations.
Perjur'd Man!
Dor. I made 'em when I was in love.
Loveit. And therefore ought they not to bind?
Oh Impious!
Dor. What we ſwear at ſuch a time may be a certain proof
Of a preſent paſſion, but to ſay truth, in Love there is
No ſecurity to be given for the future.
Loveit. Horrid, and ingrateful, be gone,
And never ſee me more.
Dor. I am not one of thoſe troubleſome Coxcombs,
Who, becauſe they were once well receiv'd, take the
Priviledge to plague a Woman with their Love ever
After; I ſhall obey you, Madam, though I do my ſelf
Some Violence. [*He offers to go, and* Loveit *pulls him back.*
Loveit. Come back, you ſha' not go.
Cou'd you have the ill nature to offer it?
Dor. When love grows diſeas'd, the beſt thing we can do
Is to put it to a violent Death; I cannot
Endure the torture of a lingring and
Conſumptive paſſion.
Loveit. Can you think mine ſickly?
Dor. Oh! 'tis deſperately Ill! what worſe ſymptoms,
Are there than your being always uneaſie when
I viſit you, your picking quarrels with me on
Slight occaſions, and in my abſence kindly liſtning
To the impertinences of every faſhionable Fool
That talks to you?
Loveit. What faſhionable Fool can you lay to my charge?
Dor. Why, the very Cock-fool of all thoſe Fools,
Sir *Fopling Flutter.*
Loveit. I never ſaw him in my life, but once.
Dor. The worſe Woman you, at firſt ſight to put on
All your charms, to entertain him with that ſoftneſs
In your voice, and all that wanton kindneſs in your
Eyes, you ſo notoriouſly affect, when you deſign
A Conqueſt.

Loveit.

Loveit. So damn'd a lie did malice never yet invent;
Who told you this?

Dor. No matter; that ever I shou'd love a Woman that
Can doat on a senseless Caper, a Tawdry French
Riband, and a Formal Cravat.

Loveit. You make me mad.

Dor. A guilty Conscience may do much,
Go on, be the Game-Mistress o'the Town, and
Enter all our young Fops, as fast as they come
From travail.

Loveit. Base and Scurrilous!

Dor. A fine mortifying reputation 'twill be for
A Woman of your Pride, Wit, and Quality!

Loveit. This Jealousie's a meer pretence, a curs'd trick
Of your own devising; I know you.

Dor. Believe it and all the ill of me you can, I wou'd
Not have a Woman have the least good thought
Of me, that can think well of *Fopling*; farewel,
Fall to, and much good may do you with your Coxcomb.

Loveit. Stay, oh stay, and I will tell you all.

Dor. I have been told too much already. [*Ex.* Dorimant.

Loveit. Call him again.

Pert. E'ne let him go, a fair riddance.

Loveit. Run I say, call him again, I will have him call'd.

Pert. The Devil shou'd carry him a way first,
Were it my concern. [*Ex* Pert.

Bell. H'as frighted me from the very thoughts of
Loving men; for Heav'ns sake my dear,
Do not discover what I told you; I dread his tongue
As much as you ought to have done his Friendship.

Pert. He's gone, Madam. [*Enter* Pert.

Loveit. Lightning blast him.

Pert. When I told him you desired him to come back,
He smil'd, made a mouth at me, flung into his
Coach, and said ——

Loveit. What did he say?

Pert. Drive away, and then repeated Verses.

Loveit Wou'd I had made a Contract to be a Witch
When first I entertain'd this greater Devil,
Monster, Barbarian; I could tear my self in pieces.
Revenge, nothing but Revenge can ease me; Plague,
War, Famine, Fire, all that can bring universal ruin
And misery on mankind, with Joy I'd perish to
Have you in my power but this moment. [*Ex.* Loveit.

Pert.

Pert. Follow Madam, leave her not in this outragious paſſion.

[Pert *gathers up the things.*

Bell. H'as given me the proof which I deſired of
His love, but 'tis a proof of his ill nature too;
I wiſh I had not ſeen him uſe her ſo:
I ſigh to think that *Dorimant* may be
One day as faithleſs, and unkind to me.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE *Lady* Woodvils *Lodgings.*

Enter Harriet, *and* Buſy *her Woman.*

Buſy. DEar Madam!
Let me ſet that Curl in order.

Har. Let me alone, I will ſhake 'em all out of order.

Buſy. Will you never leave this Wildneſs?

Har. Torment me not.

Buſy. Look! there's a Knot falling off.

Har. Let it drop.

Buſy. But one pin, dear Madam.

Har. How do I dayly ſuffer under thy Officious Fingers?

Buſy. Ah the difference that is between
You and my Lady *Dapper?* how uneaſie ſhe is
If the leaſt thing be amiſs about her?

Har. She is indeed moſt exact! nothing is ever wanting
To make her uglineſs remarkable!

Buſy. Jeering people ſay ſo!

Har. Her powdering, painting, and her patching never fail in
Publick to draw the tongues and eyes of all the men upon her.

Buſy. She is indeed a little too pretending.

Har. That Women ſhould ſet up for beauty as much in ſpite
Of nature, as ſome men have done for Wit.

Buſy. I hope without offence one may endeavour
To make ones ſelf agreeable.

Har. Not, when 'tis impoſſible. Women then
Ought to be no more fond of dreſſing, than Fools
Should be of talking; Hoods and Modeſty,

Maſques and Silence, things that ſhadow and conceal;
They ſhould think of nothing elſe.

Buſy. Jeſu! Madam, what will your Mother think is
Become of you? for Heav'ns ſake go in again.

Har. I won't!

Buſy. This is the extravagant'ſt thing that ever
You did in your life, to leave her and a Gentleman
Who is to be your Husband.

Har. My Husband!
Haſt thou ſo little wit to think I ſpoke what I meant
When I over-joy'd her in the Country, with a low Courtſy,
And what you pleaſe, Madam, I ſhall ever be obedient.

Buſy. Nay, I know not, you have ſo many fetches.

Har. And this was one, to get her up to *London!*
Nothing elſe I aſſure thee.

Buſy. Well, the man, in my mind, is a fine man!

Har. The man indeed wears his Cloaths faſhionably, and
Has a pretty negligent way with him, very Courtly,
And much affected; he bows, and talks, and ſmiles
So agreeably as he thinks.

Buſy. I never ſaw any thing ſo gentile!

Har. Varniſh'd over with good breeding, many
A Blockhead makes a tolerable ſhow

Buſy. I wonder you do not like him.

Har. I think I might be brought to endure him, and that is
All a reaſonable Woman ſhould expect in a Husband, but
There is duty i'the caſe — and like the haughty *Merab*, I
Find much averſion in my ſtubborn mind,
Which is bred by being promis'd and deſign'd.

Buſy. I wiſh you do not deſign your own ruin! I partly
Gueſs your inclinations, Madam —— that Mr. *Dorimant* ——

Har. Leave your prating, and ſing ſome fooliſh Song or other.

Buſy. I will, the Song you love ſo well ever ſince you
ſaw Mr. *Dorimant.*

SONG.

When firſt Amintas *charm'd my heart,*
My heedleſs Sheep began to ſtray;
The Wolves ſoon ſtole the greateſt part,
And all will now be made a prey.

Ah, let not love your thoughts poſſeſs,
'Tis fatal to a Shepherdeſs;

The dang'rous passion you must shun,
Or else like me, be quite undone.

Har. Shall I be paid down by a covetous Parent for a purchace? I need no Land; no I'll lay my self out all in love. It is decreed ———

Enter Y. Bellair.

Y. Bell. What generous Resolution are you making, Madam?

Har. Only to be disobedient, Sir.

Y. Bell. Let me join hands with you in that———

Har. With all my heart, I never thought I should have Given you mine so willingly. Here I *Harriet*.——

Y. Bell. And I *Harry* ———

Har. Do solemnly protest ———

Y. Bell. And vow———

Har. That I with you ———

Y. Bell. And I with you ———

Both. Will never marry———

Har. A match!

Y. Bell. And no match! How do you like this indifference now?

Har. You expect I should take it ill I see!

Y. Bell. 'Tis not unnatural for young Women to be a little Angry, you miss a Conquest, though you wou'd slight the Poor man were he in your power.

Har. There are some it may be have an Eye like *Bart'lomew*, Big enough for the whole Fair, but I am not of the Number, and you may keep your Ginger-bread, 'Twill be more acceptable to the Lady, Whose dear Image it wears, Sir.

Y. Bell. I must confess, Madam, you came a day after the Fair.

Har. You own then you are in love———

Y. Bell. I do.

Har. The confidence is generous, and in return I could almost Find in my heart to let you know my inclinations.

Y. Bell. Are you in Love?

Har. Yes, with this dear Town, to that Degree, I can scarce endure The Countrey in Landskapes and in Hangings.

Y. Bell. What a dreadful thing 'twould be To be hurried back to *Hampshire*!

Har. Ah—name it not!———

Y. Bell. As for us, I find we ſhall agree well enough! wou'd We cou'd do ſomething to deceive the grave people!

Har. Could we delay their quick proceeding, 'twere well, A Reprieve is a good ſtep towards the getting of a Pardon.

Y. Bell. If we give over the Game, we are undone! What think you of playing it on booty?

Har. What do you mean?

Y. Bell. Pretend to be in love with one another! 'twill make Some dilatory excuſes we may feign, paſs the better.

Har. Let us do't, if it be but for the dear Pleaſure of diſſembling.

Y. Bell. Can you play your part?

Har. I know not what it is to love, but I have made Pretty remarks by being now and then where Lovers meet. Where did you leave their Gravities?

Y. Bell. I'th' next Room! your Mother was Cenſuring our modern Gallant.

Enter Old Bellair, *and* Lady Woodvil.

Har. Peace! Here they come, I will lean againſt this wall, And look baſhfully down upon my Fan, while You, like an Amorous Spark, modiſhly entertain me.

La. Wood. Never go about to excuſe 'em, come, come, It was not ſo when I was a young Woman.

O. Bell. A Dod, they're ſomething diſreſpectful ———

L. Wood. Quality was then conſider'd, And not rally'd by every fleering Fellow.

O. Bell. Youth will have its Jeſt, a Dod it will.

L. Wood. 'Tis good breeding now to be civil to none but Players, and *Exchange* Women, they are treated by 'em as Much above their condition, as others are below theirs.

O. Bell. Out, a piſe on 'em, talk no more, the Rogues ha 'got an ill habit of preferring Beauty, No matter where they find it.

L. Wood. See your Son, and my Daughter, they have Improv'd their acquaintaince ſince they were within.

O. Bell. A Dod methinks they have! Let's keep back, and obſerve.

Y. Bell. Now for a look and geſtures that may perſwade 'em I'm ſaying all the paſſionate things imaginable ———

Har. Your head a little more on one ſide, eaſe your ſelf On your left Leg, and play with your right hand.

Y. Bell. Thus, is it not?

Har.

Har. Now ſet your right leg firm on the ground, adjuſt
Your Belt, then look about you.
Y. Bell. A little exerciſing will make me perfect.
Har. Smile, and turn to me again very ſparkiſh!
Y. Bell. Will you take your turn, and be inſtructed?
Har. With all my heart.
Y. Bell. At one motion play your Fan, roul your Eyes,
And then ſettle a kind look upon me.
Har. So.
Y. Bell. Now ſpread your Fan, look down upon it,
And tell the ſticks with a Finger.
Har. Very Modiſh.
Y. Bell. Clap your hand up to your boſom,
Hold down your Gown;
Shrug a little, draw up your Breaſts, and let 'em fall
Again, gently, with a ſigh or two, *&c.*
Har. By the good inſtructions you give, I ſuſpect you for one
Of thoſe malitious Obſervers who watch peoples Eyes,
And from innocent looks, make ſcandalous concluſions.
Y. Bell. I know ſome indeed, who out of meer love
To miſchief, are as vigilant as jealouſy it ſelf,
And will give you an account of every Glance
That paſſes at a Play, and i'th' Circle!
Har. 'Twill not be amiſs now to ſeem a little pleaſant.
Y. Bell. Clap your Fan then in both your hands, ſnatch it
To your Mouth, ſmile, and with a lively motion fling your
Body a little forwards. So—— now ſpread it; fall back on
The ſudden, Cover your Face with it, and break out
Into a loud Laughter———take up! look
Grave, and fall a fanning of your ſelf———
Admirably well acted.
Har. I think I am pretty apt at theſe matters!
O. Bell. A Dod, I like this well.
L. Wood. This promiſes ſomething.
O. Bell. Come! there is Love i'th' caſe, a Dod there is,
Or will be; what ſay you, young Lady?
Har. All in good time, Sir, you expect we ſhould fall to,
And Love as Game Cocks fight, as ſoon as we are ſet
Together, a Dod, y'are unreaſonable!
O. Bell. A Dod, ſirrah, I like thy wit well. [*Enter a Servant.*
Servant. The Coach is at the Door, Madam.
O. Bell. Go, get you and take the Air together.
L. Wood. Will not you go with us?
O. Bell. Out, a pize; A Dod I ha' buſineſs, and cannot.

We

We ſhall meet at night at my Siſter *Townleys.*
Y. Bell. He's going to *Emilia.* [*Aſide.*
I over-heard him talk of a Collation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter L. Townley, Emilia, *and Mr.* Medley.

L. Town. I pity the young lovers, we laſt talk'd of,
Though to ſay truth, their conduct has been ſo indiſcreet,
They deſerve to be unfortunate.
Med. Y'have had an exact account, from the great Lady
I'th' Box, down to the little Orange-Wench.
Emil. Y'are a living Libel, a breathing Lampoon;
I wonder you are not torn in pieces.
Med. What think you of ſetting up an Office of Intelligence.
For theſe matters? the project may get Money.
L. Town. You would have great dealings with country Ladies.
Med. More than *Muddiman* has [*Enter* Bellinda.
With their husbands.
L. Town. Bellinda, what has been become of you! we
Have not ſeen you here of late
With your friend Mrs *Loveit.*
Bellin. Dear creature, I left her but now ſo ſadly afflicted.
L. Town. With her old diſtemper, Jealouſy!
Med. Dorimant has plaid her ſome new prank.
Bellin. Well, that *Dorimant* is certainly the worſt
Man breathing.
Emil. I once thought ſo.
Bell. And do you not think ſo ſtill?
Emil. No, indeed!
Bell. Oh Jeſu!
Emil. The Town does him a great deal of Injury, and
I will never believe what it ſays of a man I do
Not know, again for his ſake!
Bell. You make me wonder!
L Town. He's a very well-bred man.
Bell. But ſtrangely ill-natur'd.
Emil. Then he's a very witty man!
Bell. But a man of no principles.
Med. Your man of principles is a very fine thing indeed.
Bell To be preferr'd to men of parts by Women who have
Regard to their Reputation and Quiet. Well were I minded
To play the Fool, he ſhou'd be the laſt man I'd think of.

Med.

Med. He has been the firſt in many Ladies favours, though
You are ſo ſevere, Madam.

L. Town. What he may be for a Lover I know not, but
He's a very pleaſant acquaintance I am ſure.

Bell. Had you ſeen him uſe Mrs. *Loveit* as I have done,
You wou'd never endure him more ———

Emil. What, he has quarrel'd with her again!

Bell. Upon the ſlighteſt occaſion, he's jealous
Of Sir *Fopling*.

L. Town. She never ſaw him in her life but
Yeſterday, and that was here.

Emil. On my Conſcience! he's the only man in Town,
That's her averſion, how horribly out of humour
She was all the while he talk'd to her!

Bell. And ſome body has wickedly told him———

Emil. Here he comes. [*Enter* Dorimant.

Med. Dorimant! you are luckily come to juſtify
Your ſelf———here's a Lady———

Bell. Has a word or two to ſay to you from
Adiſconſolate perſon.

Dor. You tender your Reputation too much I know, Madam,
To whiſper with me before this good Company.

Bell. To ſerve Mrs *Loveit*, I'll make a bold venture.

Dor. Here's *Medley*, the very Spirit of Scandal.

Bell. No matter!

Emil. 'Tis ſomething your are unwilling to
Hear, Mr. *Dorimant*.

L. Town. Tell him, *Bellinda*, whether he will or no!

Bell. Mrs. *Loveit*! [*aloud.*

Dor. Softly, theſe are Laughers, you do not know 'em.

Bell. In a word, y'ave made me hate you, [*To* Dor. *apart.*
Which I thought you never could have done.

Dor. In obeying your Commands.

Bell. 'Twas a cruel part you play'd! how cou'd you act it?

Dor. Nothing is cruel to a man who could kill himſelf
To pleaſe you; remember Five a Clock to morrow Morning.

Bell. I tremble when you name it.

Dor. Be ſure you come.

Bell. I ſha'not.

Dor. Swear you will!

Bell. I dare not.

Dor. Swear I ſay.

Bell. By my life! by all the happineſs I hope for———

Dor. You will.

Bell.

Bell. I will.

Dor. Kind.

Bell. I am glad I've ſworn, I vow I think I ſhould ha' Fail'd you elſe.

Dor. Surpriſingly kind! in what temper did You leave *Loveit?*

Bell. Her raving was prettily over, and ſhe began to be In a brave way of defying you, and all your works. Where have you been ſince you went from thence?

Dor. I look'd in at the Play.

Bell. I have promis'd and muſt return to her agen.

Dor. Perſwade her to walk in the Mall this evening.

Bell. She hates the place and will not come.

Dor. Do all you can to prevail with her.

Bell. For what purpoſe?

Dor. Sir *Fopling* will be here anon, I'll prepare him To ſet upon her there before me.

Bell. You perſecute her too much, but I'll do all you'll ha'me.

Dor. Tell her plainly, 'tis grown ſo dull a buſineſs [*aloud.* I can drudge on no longer.

Emil. There are afflictions in Love, Mr. *Dorimant.*

Dor. You Women make 'em, who are commonly as Unreaſonable in that as you are at Play; without The Advantage be on your ſide, a man can never Quietly give over when he's weary?

Med. If you would play without being obliged to Complaiſance, *Dorimant*, you ſhould play in Publick places.

Dor. Ordinaries were a very good thing for that, But Gentlemen do not of late frequent 'em; the Deep play is now in private Houſes.

[Bellinda *offering to ſteal away.*

L. Town. Bellinda, are you leaving us ſo ſoon?

Bell. I am to go to the Park with Mrs. *Loveit*, Madam——— [*Ex.* Bellinda.

L. Town. This confidence will go nigh to ſpoil this Young Creature.

Med. 'Twill do her good, Madam, Young men who Are brought up under practiſing Lawyers, prove The abler Council, when they come to be call'd To the Bar themſelves———

Dor. The Town has been very favourable to you This afternoon, my Lady *Townley*, you uſe to have An Ambara's of Chairs and Coaches at your Door,

An

An uproar of Footmen in your Hall, and a noiſe
Of Fools above here.

L. Town. Indeed my Houſe is the general Rendevouze,
And next to the Play-houſe is the common
Refuge of all the young idle people.

Emil. Company is a very good thing, Madam, but
I wonder you do not love it a little more choſen.

L. Town. 'Tis good to have an univerſal taſte, we
Should love Wit, but for Variety, be able to divert
Our ſelves with the Extravagancies of thoſe who want it.

Med. Fools will make you laugh.

Emil. For once or twice! but the repetition of their
Folly after a viſit or two grows tedious and unſufferable.

L. Town. You are a little too delicate, *Emilia.*

[*Enter a Page.*

Page. Sir *Fopling Flutter*, Madam, deſires to know if
You are to be ſeen.

L. Town. Here's the freſheſt Fool in Town, and one
Who has not cloy'd you yet. Page!

Page. Madam!

L. Town. Deſire him to walk up.

Dor. Do not you fall on him, *Medley*, and ſnub him.
Sooth him up in his extravagance! he will ſhew the better.

Med. You know I have a natural indulgence for Fools,
And need not this caution, Sir!

Enter Sir Fopling Flutter, *with his Page after him.*

Sr. *Fop.* *Page*! Wait without. Madam, I [*To L. Townley.*
Kiſs your Hands, I ſee Yeſterday was nothing of Chance,
The belles aſſemblès form themſelves here every day.
Lady, your ſervant; *Dorimant*, let me embrace [To *Emilia.*
Thee, without lying I have not met with any of my
Acquaintance, who retain ſo much of *Paris* as
Thou doſt, the very air thou hadſt when the
Marquiſe miſtook thee i'th' Tuilleries, and cry'd
Hey Chevalier, and then begg'd thy pardon.

Dor. I would fain wear in Faſhion as long as I can, Sir,
'Tis a thing to be valu'd in men as wells as Bawbles.

Sr. *Fop.* Thou art a man of Wit, and underſtands
The Town: prithee let thee and I be intimate,
There is no living without making ſome good
Man the confident of our pleaſures.

Dor. 'Tis true! but there is no man ſo improper

For ſuch a buſineſs as I am.

Sr. *Fop.* Prithee! why haſt thou ſo modeſt an Opinion of thy ſelf?

Dor. Why firſt, I cou'd never keep a ſecret in my life, And then there is no charm ſo infallibly makes me Fall in love with a Woman as my knowing a Friend loves her. I deal honeſtly with you.

Sr. *Fop.* Thy humour's very gallant, or let me periſh, I knew a French Count ſo like thee.

L. Town. Wit I perceive has more power over you Than Beauty, Sir *Fopling*, elſe you would not have Let this Lady ſtand ſo long neglected.

Sr. *Fop.* A thouſand pardons, Madam, ſome [To *Emilia.* Civilitie's due of courſe upon the meeting a long abſent Friend. The Eclat of ſo much beauty I confeſs ought To have charm'd me ſooner.

Emil. The brillain of ſo much good language, Sir, has much More power than the little beauty I can boaſt.

Sr. *Fop.* I never ſaw any thing prettier than this high Work on your Point D'eſpaigne——

Emil. 'Tis not ſo rich as Point *de Venice*——

Sr. *Fop.* Not altogether, but looks cooler, and is more Proper for the ſeaſon. *Dorimant*, is not that *Medley?*

Dor. The ſame, Sir.

Sr. *Fop.* Forgive me, Sir, in this Ambara's of Civilities, I could not come to have you in my Arms ſooner. You underſtand an Equipage the beſt of Any man in Town, I hear.

Med. By my own you would not gueſs it.

Sr. *Fop.* There are Criticks who do not write, Sir.

Med. Our peeviſh Poets will ſcarce allow it.

Sr. *Fop.* Dam'em, they'll allow no Man Wit, Who does not play the fool like themſelves and ſhow it! Have You taken notice of the Galleſh I brought over?

Med. O yes! 't has quite another Air, than th'Engliſh makes.

Sr. *Fop.* 'Tis as eaſily known from an Engliſh Tumbril, As an Inns of Court-man is from one of us.

Dor. Truly there is a bell air in Galeſhes as well as men.

Med. But there are few ſo delicate to obſerve it.

Sr. *Fop.* The world is generally very groſſier here indeed.

L. Town. He's very fine.

Emil. Extream proper.

Sr. *Fop.* A ſlight ſuit I made to appear in at my firſt arrival, Not worthy your conſideration, Ladies.

Dor.

Dor. The Pantaloon is very well mounted.

Sr. *Fop.* The Taſſels are new and pretty.

Med. I never ſaw a Coat better cut.

Sr. *Fop.* It makes me ſhow long-waſted, and *I* think ſlender.

Dor. That's the ſhape our Ladies doat on.

Med. Your breech though is a handful too high in my Eye, Sir *Fopling.*

Sr. *Fop.* Peace, *Medley*, I have wiſht it lower a thouſand Times, but a Pox on't, 'twill not be.

L. Town. His Gloves are well fring'd, large and graceful.

Sr. *Fop.* I was always eminent for being bien ganté.

Emil. He wears nothing but what are Originals of the Moſt Famous hands in *Paris.*

Sr. *Fop.* You are in the right, Madam.

L. Town. The Suit.

Sr. *Fop.* Barroy.

Emil. The Garniture.

Sr. *Fop.* Le Gras———

Med. The Shooes!

Sr. *Fop.* Piccar!

Dor. The Perriwig!

Sr. *Fop.* Chedreux.

Town. and *Emil.* The Gloves!

Sr. *Fop.* Orangerii! You know the ſmell, Ladies! *Dorimant*, I could find in my heart for an amuſement To have a Gallantry with ſome of our Engliſh Ladies.

Dor. 'Tis a thing no leſs neceſſary to confirm the Reputation of your Wit, than a Duel will be To ſatisfie the Town of your Courage.

Sr. *Fop.* Here was a Woman yeſterday———

Dor. Miſtreſs *Loveit.*

Sr. *Fop.* You have nam'd her!

Dor. You cannot pitch on a better for your purpoſe.

Sr. *Fop.* Prithee! what is ſhe?

Dor. A perſon of Quality, and one who has a reſt of Reputation enough to make the Conqueſt conſiderable: Beſides, I hear, ſhe likes you too!

Sr. *Fop.* Methoughts ſhe ſeem'd though very reſerv'd, And uneaſie all the time I entertain'd her.

Dor. Grimace and affectation: You will ſee Her i'th' Mail to night.

Sr. *Fop.* Prithee, let thee and I take the Air together.

Dor. I am engag'd to *Medley*, but I'll meet you at Saint *James*'s, and give you ſome information, upon the

Which you may regulate your beoceedings.

Sr. *Fop.* All the world will in the Park to night: Ladies,
'Twere pity to keep ſo much beauty longer within Doors,
And rob the ring of all thoſe Charms
That ſhould adorn it————Hey Page.

[*Enter Page, and goes out again.*

See that all my People be ready.
Dorimant a Revoir.

Med. A fine mettl'd Coxcomb.

Dor. Brisk and inſipid————

Med. Pert and dull.

Emil. However you deſpiſe him, Gentlemen, I'll lay my Life he paſſes for a Wit with many.

Dor. That may very well be, Nature hath her cheats, ſtum's A brain, and puts ſophiſticate dulneſs often on the taſtleſs Multitude for true wit and good humour. *Medley*, come.

Med. I muſt go a little way, I will meet you i'the Mall.

Dor. I'll walk through the Garden thither, we ſhall meet Anon and bow. [*To the Women.*

L. Town. Not to night! we are engag'd about a buſineſs, The knowledge of which may make you laugh hereafter.

Med. Your ſervant, Ladies.

Dor. A Revoir, as Sir *Fopling* ſays——

[*Ex. Med.* and *Dor.*

L. Town. The Old Man will be here immediately.

Emil. Let's expect him i'th' Garden—

L. Town. Go, you are a Rogue.

Emil. I can't abide you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The* Mall.

Enter Harriet, Y. Bellair, *ſhe pulling him.*

Har. Come along.

Y. Bell. And leave your Mother.

Har. Buſie will be ſent with a Hue and Cry after us; But that's no matter.

Y. Bell. 'Twill look ſtrangely in me.

Har. She'll believe it a freak of mine, and never blame Your manners.

Y. Bell. What reverend acquaintance is that ſhe has met?

Har.

Har. A fellow-beauty of the laſt King's time, though by the Ruines you would hardly gueſs it. [*Exeunt.*

[*Enter* Dorimant *and croſſes the Stage.*

Enter Y. Bellair *and* Harriet.

Y. Bell. By this time your Mother is in a fine taking.

Har. If your Friend Mr. *Dorimant* were but here now, That ſhe might find me talking with him.

Y. Bell. She does not know him but dreads him, I hear, of All mankind.

Har. She concludes if he does but ſpeak to a Woman ſhe's undone, is on her knees every day to Pray Heav'n defend me from him.

Y. Bell. You do not apprehend him ſo much as ſhe does.

Har. I never ſaw any thing in him that was frightful.

Y. Bell. On the contrary, have you not obſerved ſomething Extream delightful in his Wit and Perſon?

Har. He's agreeable and pleaſant I muſt own, but he Does ſo much affect being ſo, he diſpleaſes me.

Y. Bell. Lord, Madam, all he does and ſays, is ſo eaſie, And ſo natural.

Har. Some mens Verſes ſeem ſo to the unskilful, But labour i'the one, and affectation i'the other To the Judicious plainly appear.

Y. Bell. I never heard him accus'd of affectation before.

Enter Dorimant *and ſtares upon her.*

Har. It paſſes on the eaſie Town, who are favourably Pleas'd in him to call it humour. [*Ex.* Y. Bellair *and* Harriet.

Dor. 'Tis ſhe! it muſt be ſhe, that lovely hair, that Eaſie ſhape, thoſe wanton eyes, and all thoſe melting Charms about her mouth, which *Medley* ſpoke of; I'll follow the Lottery, and put in for A Prize with my friend *Bellair.*

Ex. Dor. repeating. } *In love the Victors from the vanquiſh'd fly;*
They fly that Wound, and they purſue that dy.

Enter Y. Bellair, *and* Harriet, *and after them* Dorimant *ſtanding at a diſtance.*

Y. Bell. Moſt people prefer *High Park* to this place.

Har. It has the better Reputation I confeſs: but I Abominate the dull diverſions there, the formal bows, The affected ſmiles, the ſilly by-words, and Amorous Tweers, in paſſing; here one meets with A little converſation now and then.

Y. Bell. Theſe converſations have been fatal To ſome of your Sex, Madam.

[*Har.*

Har. It may be ſo, becauſe ſome who want temper
Have been undone by gaming, muſt others who have it,
Wholly deny themſelves the pleaſure of Play?
Dor. Truſt me, it were unreaſonable, Madam.
[*Coming up gently, and bowing to her.*
Har. Lord! who's this? [*She ſtarts and looks grave.*
Y. Bell. Dorimant.
Dor. Is this the Woman your Father would
Have you marry?
Y. Bell. It is.
Dor. Her name?
Y. Bell. Harriet.
Dor. I am not miſtaken, ſhe's handſome.
Y. Bell. Talk to her, her Wit is better than her face;
We were wiſhing for you but now.
Dor. Overcaſt with ſerioufneſs o'the ſudden! [*To* Harriet.
A thouſand ſmiles were ſhining in that Face but now;
I never ſaw ſo quick a change of Weather.
Har. I feel as great a change within; [*Aſide.*
But he ſhall never know it.
Dor. You were talking of Play, Madam, Pray
What may be your ſtint?
Har. A little harmleſs diſcourſe in publick walks,
Or at moſt an appointment in a Box bare fac'd
At the Play-houſe; you are for Masks, and
Private meetings; where Women engage
For all they are worth I hear.
Dor. I have been us'd to deep Play, but I can make one
At ſmall Game, when I like my Gameſter well.
Har. And be ſo unconcern'd you'll ha' no pleaſure in't.
Dor. Where there is a conſiderable ſum to be won, the
Hope of drawing people in, makes every trifle conſiderable.
Har. The ſordidneſs of mens natures I know makes 'em
Willing to flatter and comply with the Rich, though they
Are ſure never to be the better for 'em.
Dor. 'Tis in their power to do us good, and we deſpair
Not but at ſome time or other they may be willing.
Har. To men who have far'd in this Town like you,
'Twould be a great Mortification to live on hope;
Could you keep a Lent for a Miſtreſs?
Dor. In expectation of a happy Eaſter, and though time
Be very precious, think forty days well loſt, to gain your
Favour.
Har. Mr. *Bellair*! let let us walk, 'tis time to leave him:

Men

Men grow dull when they begin to be particular.

Dor. Y'are miſtaken, flattery will not enſue, though I know
Y'are greedy of the praiſes of the whole Mail.

Har. You do me wrong.

Dor. I do not, as I follow'd you, I obſerv'd how you
Were pleas'd when the *Fops* cry'd ſhe's handſome, very
Handſome, by God ſhe is, and whiſper'd aloud your name,
The thouſand ſeveral forms you put your face into; then
To make your ſelf more agreeable, how wantonly you play'd
With your head, flung back your locks, and look'd ſmilingly
Over your ſhoulder at 'em.

Har. I do not go begging the mens as you do
The Ladies Good liking with a ſly ſoftneſs in
Your looks, and a gentle ſlowneſs in your bows,
As you paſs by 'em——as thus Sir—— [*Acts him.*
Is not this like you?

[*Enter Lady* Woodvil *and* Buſy.

Y. Bell. Your Mother, Madam. [*Pulls* Har. *She compoſes her ſelf.*

L. Wood. Ah my Dear Child *Harriet.*

Buſy. Now is ſhe ſo pleas'd with finding her agen,
She cannot chide her.

L. Wood. Come away!

Dor. 'Tis now but high Mail, Madam, the moſt entertaining
Time of all the Evening.

Har. I would fain ſee that *Dorimant*, Mother, you ſo
Cry out of, for a monſter, he's in the *Mail*
I hear.

L. Wood. Come away then! the Plague is here, and you
Should dread the infection.

Y. Bell. You may be miſinform'd of the Gentleman.

L. Wood. Oh no! I hope you do not know him.
He is the Prince of all the Devils in the Town,
Delights in nothing but in Rapes and Riots.

Dor. If you did but hear him ſpeak, Madam.

L. Wood. Oh! he has a Tongue they ſay would tempt the
Angels to a ſecond fall.

Enter Sir Fopling *with his Equipage, ſix Foot-men, and a Page.*

Sr. *Fop.* Hey, Champaine, Norman, La Roſe, La Fleur,
La Tour, La Verdure. Dorimant——

L. Wood. Here, here he is among this Rout, he
Names him; come away *Harriet*, come away.

[*Ex.* L. Wood. Har. Buſy *and* Y. Bell.

Dor.

Dor. This fool's coming has ſpoil'd all, ſhe's gone,
But ſhe has left a pleaſing Image of her ſelf
Behind, that wanders in my Soul———
It muſt not ſettle there.

Sr. *Fop.* What reſverie is this? ſpeak man.

Dor. *Snatch from my ſelf how far behind*
Already I behold the ſhore!

Enter Medley.

Med. Dorimant, a diſcovery! I met with *Bellair*.

Dor. You can tell me no news, Sir, I know all.

Med. How do you like the Daughter?

Dor. You never came ſo near truth in your life,
As you did in her deſcription.

Med. What think you of the Mother?

Dor. What ever I think of her, ſhe thinks
Very well of me, I find.

Med. Did ſhe know you?

Dor. She did not, whether ſhe does now or no, I know not. Here was a pleaſant Scene towards, when in came Sir *Fopling*, muſtering up his Equipage, and at the Latter end nam'd me, and frighted her away.

Med. Loveit and *Bellinda* are not far off, I ſaw 'em Alight at St. *James's*.

Dor. Sr. *Fopling*, hark you, a word or two, [*Whiſpers.*
Look you do not want aſſurance.

Sr. *Fop.* I never do on theſe occaſions.

Dor. Walk on, we muſt not be ſeen together, make your Advantage of what I have told you, the next turn You will meet the Lady.

Sr. *Fop.* Hey——Follow me all. [*Ex. Sr.* Fop. *& his Equipage.*

Dor. Medley, you ſhall ſee good ſport anon between *Loveit* and this *Fopling*.

Med. I thought there was ſomething toward by that whiſper.

Dor. You know a worthy principle of hers?

Med. Not to be ſo much as civil to a man who ſpeaks to her In the preſence of him ſhe profeſſes to love.

Dor. I have encourag'd *Fopling* to talk to her to night

Med. Now you are here, ſhe will go nigh to beat him.

Dor. In the humour ſhe's in, her love will make her do ſome Very extravagant thing, doubtleſs.

Med. What was *Bellinda*'s buſineſs with you at my Lady *Townley*'s?

Dor. To get me to meet *Loveit* here in order to an Eclerciſment; I made ſome difficulty of it, and have prepar'd

This

This rancounter to make good my Jealouſy.

Med. Here they come! [*Enter* Lov. Bell. *and* Pert.

Dor. I'le meet her and provoke her with a deal of dumb Civility in paſſing by, then turn ſhort and be behind Her when Sir *Fopling* ſets upon her———

See how unregarded now
That piece of Beauty paſſes——— [*Ex.* Dor. *and* Med.

Bell. How wonderful reſpectfully he bow'd!

Pert. He's always over-mannerly when He has done a miſchief.

Bell. Methoughts indeed at the ſame time he had A ſtrange deſpiſing Countenance.

Pert. The unlucky look he thinks becomes him.

Bell. I was afraid you would have ſpoken to him, my Dear.

Lov. I would have di'd firſt; he ſhall no more find me The loving fool he has done.

Bell. You love him ſtill!

Lov. No.

Pert. I wiſh you did not.

Lov. I do not, and I will have you think ſo: What made You hale me to this odious place, *Bellinda?*

Bell. I hate to be hulch'd up in a Coach; Walking is much better.

Lov. Would we could meet Sir *Fopling* now.

Bell. Lord! would you not avoid him?

Lov. I would make him all the advances that may be.

Bell. That would confirm *Dorimant*'s ſuſpicion, my Dear.

Lov. He is not jealous; but I will make him ſo, and be Reveng'd a way he little thinks on.

Bell. aſide. If ſhe ſhould make him jealous, that may make Him fond of her again: I muſt diſſwade her from it. Lord! My Dear, this will certainly make him hate you.

Lov. 'Twill make him uneaſie though he does not care For me; I know the effects of jealouſie on men of his Proud temper.

Bell. 'Tis a fantaſtick remedy, its operations are Dangerous and uncertain.

Lov. 'Tis the ſtrongeſt Cordial we can give to dying Love, It often brings it back when ther's no ſign of life remaining: But I deſign not ſo much the reviving his, as my revenge.

Enter Sir Fopling *and his Equipage.*

Sir *Fop.* Hey! bid the Coach-man ſend home four of his Horſes, and bring the Coach to *White-Hall*, I'll walk Over the Park——Madam, the honour of kiſſing your

Fair hands is a happineſs I miſs'd this afternoon at my Lady *Townley*'s!

Lov. You were very obliging, Sir *Fopling*, the laſt Time I ſaw you there.

Sir *Fop.* The preference was due to your wit and beauty. Madam, your Servant, there never was ſo ſweet an Evening.

Bell. 'T has drawn all the rabble of the Town hither.

Sir *Fop.* 'Tis pity ther's not an order made, that none but The Beau Monde ſhould walk here.

Lov. 'Twould add much to the beauty of the place: See what a ſort of naſty Fellows are coming.

[*Enter four ill-faſhion'd Fellows, ſinging,*
'Tis not for kiſſes alone, &c.

Lov. Fo! their Perriwigs are ſcented with Tobacco ſo ſtrong——

Sir *Fop.* It overcomes our pulvilio——— Methinks I ſmell the Coffee-houſe they come from.

1 *Man.* *Dorimant*'s convenient, Madam *Loveit*.

2 *Man.* I like the oylie——Buttock with her.

3 *Man.* What ſpruce prig is that?

1 *Man.* A Caravan, lately come from *Paris*.

2 *Man.* Peace, they ſmoak.

There's ſomething elſe to be done, &c. { *All of them Coughing.* [*Ex. Singing.*

Enter Dorimant *and* Medley.

Dor. They're ingag'd———

Med. She entertains him as if ſhe lik'd him.

Dor. Let us go forward——ſeem earneſt in diſcourſe and Shew our ſelves. Then you ſhall ſee how ſhe'll uſe him!

Bell. Yonder's *Dorimant*, my Dear.

Lov. I ſee him, he comes inſulting; but I will diſappoint Him in his expectation. [*Aſide.*

To Sir Fopling. I like this pretty nice humour of yours, Sir *Fopling*: With what a loathing eye he look'd upon Thoſe Fellows!

Sir *Fop.* I ſat near one of 'em at a Play to day, and was almoſt Poiſon'd with a pair of Cordivant Gloves he wears———

Lov. Oh! filthy Cordivant How I hate the ſmell! [*Laughs in a loud affected way.*

Sir *Fop.* Did you obſerve, Madam, how their Crevats Hung looſe an inch from their Neck, and what A frightful Air it gave 'em.

Lov. Oh, I took particular notice of one that is alwaies

Spruc'd

Spruc'd up with a deal of dirty Sky-colur'd Ribband.
Bell. That's one of the walking Flajolets, who
Haunt the Mail o'nights———
Lov. Oh! I remember him! H'has a hollow Tooth,
Enough to ſpoil the ſweetneſs of an Evening.
Sir *Fop.* I have ſeen the talleſt walk the ſtreets
With a dainty pair of Boxes, neatly buckl'd on.
Lov. And a little Footboy at his Heels, Pocket-high,
With a Flat-cap——a durty Face.
Sir *Fop.* And a Snotty Noſe——
Lov. Oh---odious, there's many of my own ſex with
That *Holborn* Equipage trigg to *Grey's Inn-Walks*;
And now and then travail hither on a Sunday.
Med. She takes no notice of you.
Dor. Damn her! I am jealous of a Counter-plot!
Lov. Your Liveries are the fineſt, Sir *Fopling*——
Oh that Page! that Page is the prettily'ſt dreſt——
They are all Frenchmen.
Sir *Fop.* There's one damn'd Engliſh Blockhead
Among 'em, you may know him by his Meine.
Lov. Oh! that's he, that's he, what do you call him?
Sir *Fop.* Hey——I know not what to call him———
Lov. What's your Name?
Footm. John Trott, Madam!
Sir *Fop.* O unſufferable! *Trott*, *Trott*, *Trott!* there's
Nothing ſo barbarous as the names of our Engliſh Servants.
What Countreyman are you, Sirrah?
Footm. Hampſhire, Sir.
Sir *Fop.* Then, *Hampſhire* be your name. Hey, *Hampſhire!*
Lov. O That ſound, that ſound becomes the
Mouth of a man of Quality!
Med. Dorimant, you look a little baſhful on the matter!
Dor. She diſſembles better than I thought
She could have done.
Med. You have tempted her with too luſcious a bait.
She bites at the Coxcomb.
Dor. She cannot fall from loving me to that?
Med. You begin to be jealous in earneſt.
Dor. Of one I do not love——
Med. You did love her.
Dor. The fit has long been over——
Med. But I have known men fall into dangerous relapſes
When they have found a Woman inclining to another.
Dor. He gueſſes the ſecret of my Heart! I am concern'd,

But dare not ſhow it, leſt *Bellinda* ſhould miſtruſt all I
Have done to gain her. [*to himſelf.*
Bell. [*Aſide.*] I have watch'd his look, and find no
Alteration there. Did he love her, ſome ſigns of
Jealouſy would have appear'd?
Dor. I hope this happy Evening, Madam, has
Reconcil'd you to the ſcandalous Mail, we
Shall have you now hankering here agen——
Lov. Sir *Fopling*, will you walk——
Sir *Fop.* I am all obedience, Madam——
Lov. Come along then——and let's agree to be
Malitious on all the ill-faſhion'd things we meet.
Sir *Fop.* We'll make a Critick on the
Whole Mail, Madam.
Lov. *Bellinda*, you ſhall engage——
Bell. To the reſerve of our friends, my Dear.
Lov. No! No! Exceptions ——
Sir *Fop.* We'll ſacrifice all to our diverſion——
Lov. All---all--
Sir *Fop.* All.
Bell. All? Then let it be.
[*Ex. Sir* Fopling, Loveit, Bellinda, *and* Pert, *laughing.*
Med. Would you had brought ſome more of your
Friends, *Dorimant*, to have been Witneſſes of Sir
Fopling's diſgrace, and your triumph——
Dor. 'Twere unreaſonable to deſire you not to
Laugh at me; but pray do not expoſe me
To the Town this day or two.
Med. By that time you hope to have regain'd your Credit.
Dor. I know ſhe hates *Fopling*, and only makes uſe of
Him in hope to work me on agen; had it not been
For ſome powerful Conſiderations, which will be
Remov'd to morrow morning, I had made her pluck off
This mask, and ſhew the paſſion that lyes
Panting under.

Enter a Footman.

Med. Here comes a man from *Bellair*, with news of
Your laſt adventure.
Dor. I am glad he ſent him. I long to know
The conſequence of our parting.
Footm. Sir, my Maſter deſires you to come to my Lady
Townley's preſently, and bring Mr. *Medley* with you.
My Lady *Woodvill* and her Daughter are there.
Med. Then all's well, *Dorimant*——

Footm.

Footm. They have ſent for the Fiddles, and
Mean to dance! He bid me tell you, Sir, the
Old Lady does not know you, and would have
You own your ſelf to be Mr. *Courtage*. They
Are all prepar'd to receive you by that name.
Dor. That foppiſh admirer of Quality, who flatters the
Very meat at honourable Tables, and never offers love
To a Woman below a Lady Grand-mother.
Med. You know the Character you are to act, I ſee!
Dor. This is *Harriet*'s contrivance———
Wild, witty, loveſome, beautiful and young———
Come along, *Medley*———
Med. This new Woman would well ſupply the loſs of *Loveit*.
Dor. That buſineſs muſt not end ſo, before to morrow
Sun is ſet, I will revenge and clear it.
And you and Loveit *to her coſt ſhall find,*
I fathom all the depths of Womankind.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

The Scene opens with the Fiddles playing a Countrey dance.

Enter Dorimant, *L.* Woodvill, *Young* Bellair, *and Mrs* Harriet, *Old* Bellair, *and* Emilia, *Mr.* Medley *and L.* Townley; *as having juſt ended the dance.*

Old Bell. SO, ſo, ſo! a ſmart bout, a very ſmart bout, a Dod!
L. Town. How do you like *Emilia*'s
Dancing, Brother?
O. Bell. Not at all, not at all.
L. Town. You ſpeak not what you think, I am ſure.
O. Bell. No matter for that, go, bid her dance no more, it
Don't become her, it don't become her, tell her I
Say ſo; [a Dod I love her. [*Aſide.*
Dor. All people mingle now a days, [*To L.* Woodvill.
Madam, And in publick places Women of Quality
Have the leaſt reſpect ſhow'd 'em
L. Wood. I proteſt you ſay the truth, Mr. *Courtage*.

Dor.

Dor. Forms and Ceremonies, the only things that
Uphold Quality and Greatneſs, are now ſhamefully
Laid aſide and neglected.

L.Wood Well! this is not the Womens Age, let 'em
Think what they will, Lewdneſs is the buſineſs now,
Love was the bus'neſs in my Time.

Dor. The Women indeed are little beholding to the young
Men of this Age, they're generally only dull admirers
Of themſelves, and make their Court to nothing but their
Perriwigs and their Crevats, and would be more
Concern'd for the diſordering of 'em, tho' on a good
Occaſion, than a young Maid would be for the tumbling
Of her Head or Handkercher.

L. Wood. I proteſt you hit 'em.

Dor. They are very aſſiduous to ſhow themſelves at Court
Well dreſs't to the Women of Quality, but their bus'neſs
Is with the ſtale Miſtreſſes of the Town, who are
Prepar'd to receive their lazy addreſſes by induſtrious
Old Lovers, who have caſt 'em off, and made 'em eaſy.

Har. He fits my Mothers humour ſo well, a little more and
She'll dance a kiſſing dance with him anon.

Med. Dutifully obſerv'd, Madam.

Dor. They pretend to be great Criticks in Beauty, by their
Talk you would think they lik'd no face, and yet can
Doat on an ill one, if it belong to a Landreſs or a Taylors
Daughter: they cry a Woman's paſt her prime at 20,
Decay'd at four and twenty, old and unſufferable at 30.

L. Wood. Unſufferable at 30! That they are in the wrong,
Mr. *Courtage*, at five and thirty, there are living proofs
Enough to convince 'em.

Dor. Ay Madam! ther's Mrs. *Setlooks*, Mrs. *Droplip*,
And my Lady *Lowd*! ſhew me among all our opening
Buds, a face that promiſes ſo much Beauty as
The remains of theirs.

L. Wood. The deprav'd appetite of this vicious Age
Taſtes nothing but green Fruit, and loaths it when
'Tis kindly ripen'd.

Dor. Elſe ſo many deſerving Women, Madam, would
Not be ſo untimely neglected.

L. Wood I proteſt, Mr. *Courtage*, a dozen ſuch good men
As you, would be enough to attone for that wicked
Dorimant, and all the under debauchees of the Town.
What's the matter there? { Har. Emil. *Young* Bell. Med. *Lady* Town. *break out into a laughter.*

Med.

Med. A pleasant mistake, Madam, that a Lady
Has made, occasions a little laughter.
O. Bell. Come, come, you keep 'em idle! they are
Impatient till the Fiddles play again.
Dor. You are not weary, Madam?
L. Wood. One Dance more!
I cannot refuse you, Mr. *Courtage.* [*They dance.*
Emil. You are very active, Sir.
[*After the dance*, O. Bellair, *singing and dancing up to* Emilia.
O. Bell. A Dod, Sirrah; when I was a young
Fellow, I could ha'caper'd up to my
Womans Gorget.
Dor. You are willing to rest your self, Madam——
L. Town. Wee'll walk into my Chamber and sit down.
Med. Leave us, Mr. *Courtage*, he's a Dancer, and the
Young Ladies are not weary yet.
L. Wood. We'll send him out again.
Har. If you do not quickly, I know
Where to send for Mr. *Dorimant.*
L. Wood. This Girls head, Mr. *Courtage*, is ever
Running on that wild fellow.
Dor. 'Tis well you have got her a good husband,
Madam, that will settle it.
[*Ex. L.* Town. Wood. *and* Dorimant.
O. Bell. to Emilia.] A Dod, sweet-heart be advis'd, and do
Not throw thy self away on a young idle fellow.
Emil. I have no such intention, Sir.
O. Bell. Have a little patience! Thou shalt have the man
I spake of. A Dod, he loves thee, and will make a good
Husband, but no words——
Emil. But Sir——
O. Bell. No answer—out a pize! peace! and think on't.
Enter Dorimant.
Dor. Your company is desired within, Sir.
O. Bell. I go! I go! good Mr. *Courtage*——fare you well!
Go! I'll see you no more. [*To* Emil.
Emil. What have I done, Sir?
O. Bell. You are ugly, you are ugly!
Is she not, Mr. *Courtage?*
Emil. Better words or I sha'nt abide you.
O. Bell. Out a pize——a Dod, what does she say?
Hit her a pat for me there [*Exit Old* Bellair.
Med. You have charms for the whole family.

Dor.

Dor. You'll ſpoil all with ſome unſeaſonable Jeſt, *Medley*.

Med. You ſee I confine my Tongue, and am content to be a
Bare ſpectator, much contrary to my nature.

Emil. Methinks, Mr. *Dorimant*, my Lady *Woodvil*
Is a little fond of you.

Dor. Would her daughter were.

Med. It may be you may find her ſo! try her,
You have an opportunity.

Dor. And I will not loſe it! *Bellair*, here's
A Lady has ſomething to ſay to you.

Y. Bell. I wait upon her. Mr. *Medley*, we have both
Buſineſs with you.

Dor. Get you all together then.
[*To Harriet*] That demure curt'ſy is not amiſs in jeſt,
But do not think in earneſt it becomes you.

Har. Affectation is catching I find; from your
Grave bow I got it.

Dor. Where had you all that ſcorn, and coldneſs
In your look?

Har. From nature, Sir, pardon my want of art:
I have not learnt thoſe ſoftneſſes and languiſhings
Which now in faces are ſo much in faſhion.

Dor. You need 'em not, you have a ſweetneſs of your own,
If you would but calm your frowns and let it ſettle.

Har. My eyes are wild and wandring like my paſſions,
And cannot yet be ty'd to Rules of charming.

Dor. Women indeed have commonly a method of
Managing thoſe meſſengers of Love! now they
Will look as if they would kill, and anon they
Will look as if they were dying: They point and rebate
Their glances, the better to invite us.

Har. I like this variety well enough, but hate the ſet face
That always looks as it would ſay come love me.
A woman, who at Plays makes the Deux yeux to a
Whole Audience, and at home cannot forbear 'em
To her Monkey.

Dor. Put on a gentle ſmile, and let me ſee how well
It will become you.

Har. I am ſorry my face does not pleaſe you as it is,
But I ſhall not be complaiſant and change it.

Dor. Though you are obſtinate, I know 'tis capable of
Improvement, and ſhall do you Juſtice, Madam, if I chance
To be at Court, when the Critiques of the Circle paſs
Their judgment; for thither you muſt come.

Har.

Har. And expect to be taken in pieces, have all my
Features examin'd, every motion cenſur'd, and on the
Whole be condemn'd to be but pretty, or a Beauty of
The loweſt rate. What think you?

Dor. The Women; nay, the very lovers who belong to the
Drawing-room will malitiouſly allow you more
Than that; they always grant what is apparent,
That they may the better be believ'd, when
They name conceal'd faults they cannot
Eaſily be diſprov'd in.

Har. Beauty runs as great a riſque expos'd at Court,
As wit does on the Stage, where the ugly and the
Fooliſh, all are free to cenſure.

Dor. aſide.] I love her, and dare not let her know it,
I fear ſh'as an aſcendant o're me, and may revenge the
Wrongs I have done her ſex.
Think of making a party, Madam, love will engage. [*To her.*

Har. You make me ſtart! I did not think to have
Heard of Love from you.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to have a ſettled Ague
Yet, but now and then have had irregular Fits.

Har. Take heed, ſickneſs after long health is
Commonly more violent and dangerous.

Dor. I have took the infection from her, and feel the
Diſeaſe now ſpreading in me——— [*Aſide.*
Is the name of love ſo frightful that
You dare not ſtand it? [*To her.*

Har. 'Twill do little execution out of your mouth
On me, I am ſure.

Dor. It has been fatal——

Har. To ſome eaſy Women, but we are not all
Born to one deſtiny, I was inform'd you uſe to
Laugh at Love, and not make it.

Dor. The time has been, but now I muſt ſpeak———

Har. If it be on that idle ſubject, I will put on
My ſerious look, turn my head careleſly from you,
Drop my lip, let my eye-lids fall, and hang
Half o're my eyes——Thus while you buz a ſpeech
Of an hour long in my ear, and I anſwer
Never a word! why do you not begin?

Dor. That the company may take notice how paſſionately I
Make advances of love! and how diſdainfully you receive 'em.

Har. When your Love's grown ſtrong enough to make
You bear being laugh'd at, I'll give you leave to

Trouble me with it. Till when pray forbear, Sir.

Enter Sir Fopling *and others in Masques.*

Dor. What's here, Masquerades?

Har. I thought that foppery had been left off, and People might have been in private with a Fiddle.

Dor. 'Tis endeavour'd to be kept on foot still by Some who find themselves the more acceptable, The less they are known.

Y. Bell. This must be Sir *Fopling.*

Med. That extraordinary habit shews it.

Y. Bell. What are the rest?

Med. A Company of French Rascals, whom he pick'd Up in *Paris*, and has brought over to be his dancing Equipage, on these occasions! make him own Himself; a Fool is very troublesome, when he Presumes he is Incognito.

Sir *Fop.* Do you know me? [*To Harriet.*

Har. Ten to one but I guess at you?

Sir *Fop.* Are you Women as fond of a Vizard, as we men are?

Har. I am very fond of a Vizard that covers a Face I do not like, Sir.

Y. Bell. Here are no Masques you see, Sir, but Those which came with you, this was intended a Private meeting, but because you look like a Gentleman, if you will discover your self, and we Know you to be such, you shall be welcome.

Sir *Fop.* Dear *Bellair!* [*Pulling of his Mask.*

Med. Sir *Fopling!* how came you hither?

Sir *Fop.* Faith, as I was coming late from *White-hall*, After the *King*'s Coucheé, one of my people told me He had heard Fiddles at my Lady *Townley*'s, and———

Dor. You need not say any more, Sir.

Sir *Fop.* *Dorimant*, let me kiss thee.

Dor. Hark you, Sir *Fopling*? [*Whispers.*

Sir *Fop.* Enough, enough, Courtage.

A pretty kind of young Woman that, *Medley*, I obsery'd Her in the Mail more Evelie than our English Women commonly are, prithee what is she?

Med. The most noted Coquetté in Town; beware of her.

Sir *Fop.* Let her be what she will, I know how to make my Measures, in *Paris* the mode is to flatter the Prudè, Laugh at the Faux-proudè, make serious love to The Demi-proudè, and only railly at the Coquetté. *Medley*, what think you?

Med.

Med. That for all this ſmattering of the Mathematicks,
You may be out in your Judgment at Tennis.
Sir *Fop.* What a Coque a Laſne is this? I talk of
Women, and thou anſwer'ſt Tennis.
Med. Miſtakes will be for want of apprehenſion.
Sir *Fop.* I am very glad of the acquaintance
I have with this Family.
Med. My Lady truly is a good Woman.
Sir *Fop.* Ah! *Dorimant*, Courtage I would ſay,
Would thou hadſt ſpent the laſt Winter in *Paris*
With me. When thou wer't there La corneùs and
Sallyes were the only habitudes we had, a Comedian
Would have been a boné fortune. No ſtranger ever
Paſs'd his time ſo well as I did ſome months before
I came over. I was well receiv'd in a dozen
Families, where all the Women of quality us'd to come to
Viſit, I have intrigues to tell thee, more pleaſant,
Than ever thou read'ſt in a Novel.
Har. Write 'em, Sir, and oblige us Women! our
Language wants ſuch little ſtories.
Sir *Fop.* Writing, Madam's a Mechanick part of Witt!
A Gentleman ſhould never go beyond a Song or a Billét.
Har. *Buſſiè* was a Gentleman.
Sir *Fop.* Who *D'Ambois*?
Med. Was there ever ſuch a brisk blockhead?
Har. Not *D'Ambois*, Sir, but *Rubutin*. He who
Writ the Loves of *France*.
Sir *Fop.* That may be, Madam! many Gentlemen do
Things that are below 'em. Damn your Authors,
Courtage, Women are the prettieſt things we
Can fool away our time with.
Har. I hope you have weari'd your ſelf to night at Court,
Sir, and I will not think of fooling with any body here
Sir *Fop.* I cannot complain of my Fortune there, Madam——
Dorimant——
Dor. Again!
Sir *Fop.* Courtage, a pox on't, I have ſomething to tell thee.
When I had made my Court within, I came out
And flung my ſelf upon the Matt under the ſtate
I'th' outward room, i'th' midſt of half a dozen
Beauties who were withdrawn to jeèr among
Themſelves, as they call'd it.
Dor. Did you know 'em?
Sir *Fop.* Not one of 'em by Heavens! not I,

But they were all your friends.

Dor. How are you ſure of that?

Sir *Fop.* Why, we laugh'd at all the Town; ſpar'd
No body but your ſelf, they found me a man
For their purpoſe.

Dor. I know you are malitious to your power.

Sir *Fop.* And faith! I had occaſion to ſhew it, for I never
Saw more gaping fools at a Ball or on a Birth-day.

Dor. You learn'd who the women were.

Sir *Fop.* No matter! they frequent the Drawing-Room.

Dor. And entertain themſelves pleaſantly at the expence
Of all the Fops who come there.

Sir *Fop.* That's their bus'neſs, faith I ſifted 'em, and find
They have a ſort of wit among them——
Ah filthy. [*Pinches a Tallow Candle.*

Dor. Look, he has been pinching the Tallow Candle.

Sir *Fop.* How can you breath in a Room where there's
Greaſe frying! *Dorimant* thou art intimate with
My Lady, adviſe her, for her own ſake and the good
Company that comes hither, to burn Wax lights.

Har. What are theſe Maſquerades who ſtand ſo
Obſequiouſly at a diſtance?

Sir *Fop.* A ſet of Bulladins, whom I pick'd out of the beſt
In *France* and brought over, with a Flutes deux or two,
My Servants; they ſhall entertain you.

Har. I had rather ſee you dance your ſelf, Sir *Fopling*.

Sir *Fop.* And I had rather do it——all the company
Knows it——but Madam——

Med. Come, come! no excuſes, Sir *Fopling*.

Sir *Fop.* By Heav'ns——

Med. Like a Woman I find you muſt be ſtruggled with
Before one brings you what you deſire.

Har. Can he dance? [*Aſide.*

Emil. And fence and ſing too, if you'll believe him.

Dor. He has no more excellence in his heels than in
His head. He went to *Paris* a plain baſhful Engliſh Blockhead,
And is return'd a fine undertaking *French Fopp*.

Med. I cannot prevail.

Sir *Fop.* Do not think it want of Complaiſance, Madam.

Har. You are too well-bred to want that, Sir *Fopling*.
I believe it want of power.

Sir *Fop.* By Heav'ns, and ſo it is.
I have ſat up ſo damn'd late and drunk ſo curs'd hard
Since I came to this lewd Town, that I am fit for

Nothing

Nothing but low dancing now, a Corant, a Boreè,
Or a Minnuét: but St. *Andrè* tells me, if I
Will but be regular, in one Month I ſhall riſe agen.
Pox on this Debauchery. [*Endeavours at a Caper.*
Emil. I have heard your dancing much commended.
Sir *Fop.* It had the Fortune to pleaſe in *Paris.*
I was judg'd to riſe within an inch as high as the
Baſqué in an Entry, I danc'd there.
Har. I am mightily taken with this Fool, let us ſit:
Here's a ſeat Sir *Fopling.*
Sir *Fop.* At your feet, Madam;
I can be no where ſo much at eaſe: by your leave.
Gown.
Har. and Emil. } Ah! you'll ſpoil it.
Sir *Fop.* No matter, my Cloaths are my Creatures.
I make 'em to make my Court to you Ladies, Hey— [*Dance.*
Quon Commencè to an Engliſh Dancer Engliſh Motions. I was
Forc'd to entertain this fellow, one of my ſet miſcarrying——
Oh horrid! leave your damn'd manner of dancing,
And put on the French Air: have you not a
Pattern before you———
Pretty well! imitation in time may bring him to ſomething.
After the Dance enter O. Bellair, *L.* Woodvil *and L.* Townley.
O. Bell. Hey a Dod! what have we here, a mumming?
L. Wood. Where's my Daughter——*Harriet.*
Dor. Here, here, Madam!
I know not but under theſe diſguiſes there may be
Dangerous ſparks, I gave the young Lady warning!
L. Wood. Lord! I am ſo oblig'd to you, Mr. *Courtage.*
Har. Lord! how you admire this man!
L. Wood. What have you to except againſt him?
Har. He's a Fopp.
L. Wood. He's not a *Dorimant*, a wild extravagant
Fellow of the Times.
Har. He's a man made up of forms and common places,
Suckt out of the remaining Lees of the laſt age.
L. Wood. He's ſo good a man that were you not engag'd——
L. Town. You'll have but little night to ſleep in.
L. Wood. Lord! 'tis perfect day———
Dor. The hour is almoſt come, I appointed *Bellinda,*
And I am not ſo foppiſhly in love here to forget; [*Aſide.*
I am fleſh and blood yet.

L. Town.

L. Town. I am very ſenſible, Madam.

L. Wood. Lord, Madam!

Har. Look, in what a ſtruggle is my poor Mother yonder?

Y. Bell. She has much ado to bring out the Complement?

Dor. She ſtrains hard for it.

Har. See, ſee! her head tottering, her eyes ſtairing,
And her under-lip trembling———

Dor. Now, now, ſhe's in the very convulſions of her Civility. [*aſide.*] 'Sdeath, I ſhall loſe *Bellinda*: I muſt Fright her hence! ſhe'll be an hour in This fit of good manners elſe.
[*To L. Wood.*] Do you not know Sir *Fopling*, Madam?

L. Wood. I have ſeen that Face——Oh heav'n,
'Tis the ſame we met in the Mail, how came he here?

Dor. A Fiddle in this Town is a kind of Fop-call;
No ſooner it ſtrikes up, but the houſe is beſieg'd
With an Army of Maſquerades ſtraight.

L. Wood. Lord! I tremble, Mr. *Courtage*! for certain *Dorimant* is in the company.

Dor. I cannot confidently ſay he is not,
You had beſt begon. I will wait upon you; your Daughter is in the hands of Mr. *Bellair*.

L. Wood. I'll ſee her before me. *Harriet*, come away.

Y. Bell. Lights! Lights!

L. Town. Light down there.

O. Bell. A Dod, it needs not———

Dor. Call my Lady *Woodvill*'s Coach to the Door, quickly.

O. Bell. Stay, Mr. *Medley*, let the young Fellows do That duty; we will drink a Glaſs of Wine together. 'Tis good after dancing! what mumming ſpark is that?

Med. He is not to be comprehended in few words.

Sir *Fop.* Hey! La Towér.

Med. Whither away, Sir *Fopling*?

Sir *Fop.* I have bus'neſs with *Courtage*!———

Med. He'll but put the Ladies into their Coach and Come up agen.

O. Bell. In the mean time I'll call for a Bottle. [*Ex. Old* Bell.

Enter Y. Bellair.

Med. Where's *Dorimant?*

Y. Bell. Stoln home! he has had buſineſs waiting for Him there all this night, I believe, by an Impatience I obſerv'd in him.

Med. Very likely, 'tis but diſſembling Drunkenneſs, Railing at his friends, and the kind Soul will embrace the bleſſing, and forget The

The tedious expectation.

Sir *Fop.* I muſt ſpeak with him before I ſleep!

Y. Bell. Emilia and I are reſolv'd on that buſineſs.

Med. Peace, here's your Father.

Enter Old Bellair, *and Butler with a Bottle of Wine.*

O. Bell. The Women are all gone to bed.

Fill Boy! Mr. *Medley*, begin a health.

Med. To *Emilia.* [*Whiſpers.*

O. Bell. Out a pize! ſhe's a rogue, and I'll not pledge you.

Med. I know you well.

O. Bell. A Dod, drink it then.

Sir *Fop.* Let us have the new Bachique.

O. Bell. A Dod, that's a hard word!

What does it mean, Sir?

Med. A Catch, or drinking Song.

O. Bell. Let us have it then.

Sir *Fop.* Fill the Glaſſes round, and

Draw up in a Body. Hey! Muſick!

They Sing.

The pleaſures of love and the joys of good Wine,
To perfect our happineſs wiſely we joyn.
We to Beauty all day
Give the Soveraign ſway,
And her favourite Nymphs devoutly obey.
At the Plays we are conſtantly making our Court;
And when they are ended we follow the ſport.
To the Mall and the Park
Where we love till 'tis dark;
Then ſparkling Champaigne,
Puts an end to their reign;
It quickly recovers,
Poor languiſhing Lovers,
Makes us frollick and gay, and drowns all our Sorrow:
But alas! we relapſe again on the Morrow.
Let every man ſtand,
With his Glaſs in his hand:
And briskly diſcharge at the word of Command.
Here's a health to all thoſe,
Whom to night we depoſe.
Wine and Beauty by turns great ſouls ſhall inſpire.
Preſent all together; and now boys give fire——

O. Bell. A Dod, a pretty bus'neſs and very merry.

Sir *Fop.* Hark you, *Medley*, let you and I take the Fiddles, and go waken *Dorimant.*

Med.

Med. We ſhall do him a courteſy, if it be as I gueſs.
For after the fatigue of this night, he'll quickly
Have his belly full; and be glad of an occaſion
To cry, take away, *Handy*.
Y. Bell. I'll go with you, and there we'll conſult
About affairs, *Medley*.
O. Bell. looks on his watch.] A Dod, 'tis ſix a Clock.
Sir *Fop.* Let's away then.
O. Bell. Mr. *Medley*, my Siſter tells me you are an
Honeſt man. And a Dod I love you.
Few words and hearty, that's the way
With old *Harry*, old *Harry*.
Sir *Fop.* Light your Flambeux. Hey.
O. Bell. What does the man mean?
Med. 'Tis day, Sir *Fopling*.
Sir *Fop.* No matter;
Our Serenade will look the greater. [*Ex. omnes.*

SCENE II.

Dorimant's *Lodging*, *a Table*, *a Candle*, *a Toilet*, &c. Handy *tying up Linnen.*

Enter Dorimant *in his Gown, and* Bellinda.

Dor. Why will you be gone ſo ſoon?
Bell. Why did you ſtay out ſo late?
Dor. Call a Chair, *Handy!* what makes you tremble ſo?
Bell. I have a thouſand fears about me:
Have I not been ſeen think you?
Dor. By no body but my ſelf and truſty *Handy*.
Bell. Where are all your people?
Dor. I have diſperſt 'em on ſleeveleſs Erradns.
What does that ſigh mean?
Bell. Can you be ſo unkind to ask me?——well—— [*Sighs.*
Were it to do again———
Dor. We ſhould do it, ſhould we not?
Bell. I think we ſhould: the wickeder man you to make
Me love ſo well———will you be diſcreet now?
Dor. I will———
Bell. You cannot.
Dor. Never doubt it.
Bell. I will not expect it.
Dor. You do me wrong.

Bell.

Bell. You have no more power to keep the ſecret,
Than I had not to truſt you with it.
Dor. By all the Joys I have had, and thoſe you
Keep in ſtore———
Bell. You'll do for my ſake what you never did before——
Dor. By that truth thou haſt ſpoken, a wife ſhall
Sooner betray her ſelf to her husband———
Bell. Yet I had rather you ſhould be falſe in this
Than in another thing you promis'd me.
Dor. What's that?
Bell. That you would never ſee *Loveit* more but in
Publick places, in the Park, at Court and Playes.
Dor. 'Tis not likely a man ſhould be fond of ſeeing a
Damn'd old Play when there is a new one acted.
Bell. I dare not truſt your promiſe.
Dor. You may———
Bell. This does not ſatisfy me.
You ſhall ſwear you never will ſee her more.
Dor. I will! a thouſand oaths——by all———
Bell. Hold——you ſhall not, now I think on't better.
Dor. I will ſwear ———
Bell. I ſhall grow jealous of the Oath, and think
I owe your truth to that, not to your love.
Dor. Then, by my love! no other Oath I'll ſwear.

Enter Handy.

Hand. Here's a Chair.
Bell. Let me go.
Dor. I cannot.
Bell. Too willingly I fear.
Dor. Too unkindly fear'd.
When will you promiſe me again?
Bell. Not this fortnight.
Dor. You will be better than your word.
Bell. I think I ſhall.
Will it not make you love me leſs? [*Starting.*
Heark! what Fiddles are theſe? [*Fiddles without.*
Dor. Look out, *Handy*! [*Ex.* Handy, *and returns.*
Hand. Mr. *Medley*, Mr. *Bellair*, and Sir *Fopling*,
They are coming up.
Dor. How got they in?
Hand. The door was open for the Chair.
Bell. Lord! let me fly——
Dor. Here, here, down the back ſtairs.
I'll ſee you into your Chair.

Bell. No, no! ſtay and receive 'em: and be ſure you
Keep your word, and never ſee *Loveit* more.
Let it be a proof of your kindneſs.
Dor. It ſhall —— *Handy*, direct her.
Everlaſting love go along with thee. [*Kiſſing her hand.*
[*Ex.* Bellinda *and* Handy.

Enter Young Bellair, Medley, *and Sir* Fopling.

Y. Bell. Not a bed yet!
Med. You have had an irregular Fit, *Dorimant.*
Dor. I have.
Y. Bell. And is it off already?
Dor. Nature has done her part, Gentlemen,
When ſhe falls kindly to work, great Cures
Are effected in little time, you know.
Sir *Fop.* We thought there was a Wench in the Caſe, by
The Chair that waited. Prithee make us a Confidencé.
Dor. Excuſe me.
Sir *Fop.* Lè ſagè, *Dorimant*——was ſhe pretty?
Dor. So pretty ſhe may come to keep her Coach and pay
Pariſh Duties if the good humour of the age continue.
Med. And be of the number of the Ladies kept by
Publick ſpirited men for the good of the whole Town.
Sir *Fop.* Well ſaid, *Medley.*
[*Sir* Fopling *dancing by himſelf.*
Y. Bell. See Sir *Fopling* dancing.
Dor. You are practiſing and have a mind to recover I ſee.
Sir *Fop.* Prithee *Dorimant*! why haſt not thou a glaſs
Hung up here? a Room is the dulleſt thing without one!
Y. Bell. Here is Company to entertain you.
Sir *Fop.* But I mean in caſe of being alone.
In a glaſs a man may entertain himſelf———
Dor. The ſhadow of himſelf indeed.
Sir *Fop.* Correct the Errours of his motions and
His dreſs.
Med. I find Sir *Fopling* in your Solitude, you remember
The ſaying of the wiſe man, and ſtudy your ſelf.
Sir *Fop.* 'Tis the beſt diverſion in our retirements.
Dorimant, thou art a pretty fellow, and wear'ſt thy cloaths
Well, but I never ſaw thee have a handſome Crevat.
Were they made up like mine, they'd give another
Aire to thy face. Prithee let me ſend my man
To dreſs thee but one day. By Heav'ns an
Engliſh man cannot tye a Ribbon.
Dor. They are ſomething clumſy fiſted——

Sir *Fop.*

Sir *Fop.* I have brought over the prettieſt fellow that
Ever ſpread a Toilet, he ſerv'd ſome time under
Merille the greateſt Genie in the world for a
Valet d' Chambré.

Dor. What, he who formerly belong'd to the
Duke of *Candale*?

Sir *Fop.* The ſame, and got him his immortal reputation.

Dor. Y'have a very fine Brandenburgh on Sir *Fopling*.

Sir *Fop.* It ſerves to wrap me up, after the Fatigue of a Ball.

Med. I ſee you often in it, with your Perriwig ty'd up.

Sir *Fop.* We ſhould not always be in a ſet dreſs, 'tis more
En Cavalier to appear now and then in a diſſabilleé.

Med. Pray how goes your buſineſs with *Loveit?*

Sir *Fop.* You might have anſwer'd your ſelf in the Mail
Laſt night. *Dorimant*! did you not ſee the advances
She made me? I have been endeavouring at a ſong!

Dor. Already!

Sir *Fop.* 'Tis my Coup'd Eſſay in Engliſh,
I would fain have thy opinion of it.

Dor. Let's ſee it.

Sir *Fop.* Hey Page give me my ſong——*Bellair*,
Here, thou haſt a pretty voice, ſing it.

Y. Bell. Sing it your ſelf, Sir *Fopling*.

Sir *Fop.* Excuſe me.

Y. Bell. You learnt to ſing in *Paris*.

Sir *Fop.* I did of *Lambert*, the greateſt maſter
In the world: but I have his own fault, a weak voice,
And care not to ſing out of a ruél.

Dor. A ruél is a pretty Cage for a ſinging Fop indeed.

Y. Bellair *reads the Song.*

How charming Phillis *is, how fair!*
Ah that ſhe were as willing
To eaſe my wounded heart of Care,
And make her Eyes leſs killing.
I ſigh! I ſigh! I languiſh now,
And Love will not let me reſt,
I drive about the Park, and bow
Still as I meet my deareſt.

Sir *Fop.* Sing it, ſing it man, it goes to a pretty new
Tune which I am confident was made by *Baptiſt*.

Med. Sing it your ſelf, Sir *Fopling*, he does not know the Tune.

Sir *Fop.* I'll venture. [*Sir* Fopling *ſings.*

Dor. Ay marry! now 'tis ſomething. I ſhall not
Flatter you, Sir *Fopling*, there is not much thought in't,

But 'is paſſionate and well turn'd.
Med. After the French way.
Sir *Fop.* That I aim'd at——does it not give
You a lively Image of the thing?
Slap down goes the Glaſs, and thus we are at it.
Dor. It does indeed, I perceive, Sir *Fopling*,
You'll be the very head of the Sparks, who are lucky
In Compoſitions of this nature.
Enter Sir Fopling's Footman.
Sir *Fop.* *La Tower*, is the Bath ready?
Footm. Yes, Sir.
Sir *Fop.* Adieu, don Mes cheres. [*Ex.* Sir *Fopling.*
Med. When have you your revenge on *Loveit*, *Dorimant*?
Dor. I will but change my Linnen, and about it.
Med. The powerful conſiderations which hinder'd
Have bin remov'd then.
Dor. Moſt luckily this morning, you muſt along
With me, my reputation lyes at ſtake there.
Med. I am engag'd to *Bellair.*
Dor. What's your buſineſs.
Med. Ma-tri-mony an't like you.
Dor. It does not, Sir.
Y. Bell. It may in time. *Dorimant*, what
Think you of Mrs. *Harriet*?
Dor. What does ſhe think of me?
Y. Bell. I am confident ſhe loves you.
Dor. How does it appear?
Y. Bell. Why, ſhe's never well but when ſhe's talking
Of you, but then ſhe finds all the faults in you ſhe can:
She laughs at all who commend you, but
Then ſhe ſpeaks ill of all who do not.
Dor. Women of her temper betray themſelves, by
Their over cunning. I had once a growing love with a
Lady, who would always quarrel with me, when
I came to ſee her, and yet was never quiet if
I ſtay'd a day from her.
Y. Bell. My Father is in love with *Emilia.*
Dor. That is a good warrant for your proceedings,
Go on and proſper, I muſt to *Loveit*.
Medley, I am ſorry you cannot be a witneſs.
Med. Make her meet Sir *Fopling* again in the ſame place,
And uſe him ill before me.
Dor. That may be brought about I think.
I'll be at your Aunts anon, and give you Joy, Mr. *Bellair.*

Y. Bell.

Y. Bell. You had not beſt think of Mrs. *Harriet* too much,
Without Church ſecurity there's no taking up there.
Dor. I may fall into the Snare too. But——
The wiſe will find a difference in our Fate,
You wed a Woman, I a good Eſtate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter the Chair *with* Bellinda, *the men ſet it down and open it.* Bellinda *ſtarting.*

Bellinda ſurpriz'd. Lord! where am I? in the Mail?
Whither have you brought me?
1 *Chairm.* You gave us no directions, Madam?
Bell. The fright I was in made me forget it. [*Aſide.*
1 *Chairm.* We uſe to carry a Lady from the Squires hither,
Bell. This is *Loveit*, I am undone if ſhe ſees me. [*Aſide.*
Quickly, carry me away
1 *Chairm.* Whither, an't like your Honour?
Bell. Ask no queſtions———.

Enter Loveit's Footman.

Footm. Have you ſeen my Lady, Madam?
Bell. I am juſt come to wait upon her———
Footm. She will be glad to ſee you, Madam,
She ſent me to you this morning, to deſire your Company,
And I was told you went out by five a Clock.
Bell. More and more unlucky! [*Aſide.*
Footm. Will you walk in, Madam?
Bell. I'll diſcharge my Chair and follow, [*Ex.* Footm.
Tell your Mrs. I am here. [*Gives the* Chairmen *money.*
Take this! and if ever you ſhould be examin'd, be ſure you
Say, you took me up in the *Strand*, over againſt the
Exchange, as you will anſwer it to Mr. *Dorimant.*
Chairmen. We will an't like your Honour. [*Ex.* Chairmen.
Bell. Now to come off, I muſt on———
In confidence and Lies ſome hope is left;
'Twere hard to be found out in the firſt Theft. [Exit.

ACT V.

Enter Miſtreſs Loveit, *and* Pert *her Woman.*

Pert. WELL! in my eyes Sir *Fopling* is no ſuch
Deſpicable perſon.
Lov. You are an excellent Judge.
Pert. He's as handſome a man as Mr. *Dorimant*,

And I

And as great a Gallant.

Lov. Intollerable! is't not enough I ſubmit to his Impertinences, but muſt I be plagu'd with yours too?

Pert. Indeed, Madam———

Lov. 'Tis falſe, mercenary malice——— [*Enter her footman.*

Footm. Mrs. *Bellinda*, Madam———

Lov. What of her?

Footm. She's below.

Lov. How came ſhe?

Footm. In a Chair, ambling *Harry* brought her.

Lov. He bring her! his Chair ſtands near *Dorimant*'s Door, and always brings me from thence——run and Ask him where he took her up; go, there is no truth In friendſhip neither. Women, as well as men, All are falſe, or all are ſo to me at leaſt.

Pert. You are jealous of her too?

Lov. You had beſt tell her I am.

'Twill become the Liberty you take of late. This fellows bringing of her, Her going out by five a Clock—— I know not what to think.

Enter Bellinda.

Bellinda, you are grown an early Riſer, I hear!

Bell. Do you not wonder my Dear, What made me abroad ſo ſoon?

Lov. You do not uſe to be ſo.

Bell. The Countrey Gentlewomen I told you of (Lord! They have the oddeſt diverſions!) would never Let me reſt till I promis'd to go with them To the Markets this morning to eat Fruit and buy Noſegays.

Lov. Are they ſo fond of a filthy Noſegay?

Bell. They complain of the ſtinks of the Town, and are Never well but when they have their noſes in one.

Lov. There are Eſſences and ſweet waters.

Bell. O they cry out upon perfumes they are Unwholeſome, one of 'em was falling into a fit With the ſmell of theſe Narolii,

Lov. Methinks in Complaiſance You ſhou'd have had a Noſegay too.

Bell. Do you think, my Dear, I could be ſo loathſome To trick my ſelf up with Carnations and ſtock-Gilly-flowers? I begg'd their pardon and Told them I never wore any thing but Orange-Flowers and Tuberoſe. That which made me Willing

Willing to go, was, a ſtrange deſire I had
To eat ſome freſh Nectaren's.
Lov. And had you any?
Bell. The beſt I ever taſted.
Lov. Whence came you now?
Bell. From their Lodgings, where I crowded out of a Coach, and took a Chair to come and ſee you, my Dear.
Lov. Whither did you ſend for that Chair?
Bell. 'Twas going by empty.
Lov. Where do theſe Country Gentlewomen Lodge I pray?
Bell. In the *Strand* over againſt the Exchange.
Pert. That place is never without a Neſt of 'em, They are always as one goes by ſtearing in Balconies or ſtairing out of Windows.

Enter Footman.

Lov. [*To the Footm.*] Come hither. [*Whiſpers.*
Bell. Aſide.] This fellow by her order has been Queſtioning the Chairmen! I threatn'd 'em With the name of *Dorimant*, if they ſhould Have told truth I am loſt for ever.
Lov. In the *Strand* ſaid you?
Footm. Yes Madam, over againſt the *Exchange.* [*Ex.* Footm.
Lov. She's innocent and I am much to blame.
Bell. Aſide.] I am ſo frighted, my countenance Will betray me.
Lov. Bellinda! what makes you look ſo pale?
Bell. Want of my uſual Reſt, and jolting up and Down ſo long in an odious Hackney. [Footman *returns.*
Footm. Madam! Mr. *Dorimant*!
Lov. What makes him here?
Bell. Aſide.] Then I am betray'd indeed, H'has broke his word, and I love a man that does Not care for me
Lov. Lord! you faint, *Bellinda*!
Bell. I think I ſhall! ſuch an oppreſſion here on the ſudden.
Pert. She has eaten too much fruit I warrant you.
Lov. Not unlikely!
Pert. 'Tis that lyes heavy on her Stomach.
Lov. Have her into my Chamber, give her ſome Surfeit Water, and let her ly down a little.
Pert. Come, Madam! I was a ſtrange devourer Of fruit when I was young, So ravenous. [*Ex.* Bell. *and* Pert *leading her off.*

Lovelt.

Lov. Oh that my Love would be but calm a while!
That I might receive this man with all the Scorn
And indignation he deserves.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Now for a touch of Sir *Fopling* to begin with.
Hey—Page—Give positive order that none of my
People stir—Let the Canaile wait as they should do——
Since noise and nonsence have such powerful charms,
I that I may successful prove,
Transform my self to what you love.

Lov. If that would do, you need not change from
What you are, you can be vain and lowd enough.

Dor. But not with so good a grace as Sir *Fopling.*
Hey, *Hampshire*——Oh——that sound, that sound
Becomes the mouth of a man of Quality.

Lov. Is there a thing so hateful as a senceless Mimick?

Dor. He's a great grievance indeed to all who like
Your self, Madam, love to play the fool in quiet.

Lov. A ridiculous Animal, who has more of
The Ape, than the Ape has of the man in him.

Dor. I have as mean an opinion of a Sheer-
Mimick as your self, yet were he all Ape,
I should prefer him to the Gay, the Giddy,
Brisk insipid Noisy fool you doat on.

Lov. Those Noisy fools, however you despise 'em,
Have good qualities, which weigh more (or ought
At least) with us Women, than all the pernicious
Wit you have to boast of.

Dor. That I may hereafter have a just value for their
Merit, pray do me the favour to name 'em.

Lov. You'l despise 'em as the dull effects of
Ignorance and Vanity! yet I care not if I mention some.
First, they really admire us, while you at best but
Flatter us well.

Dor. Take heed! Fools can dissemble too——

Lov. They may! but not so artificially as you.——
There is no fear they should deceive us! Then they
Are assiduous, Sir, they are ever offering us their service,
And always waiting on our will.

Dor. You owe that to their excessive idleness!
They know not how to entertain themselves at home,
And find so little welcome abroad, they are fain to
Fly to you who countenance 'em as a refuge against the
Solitude they would be otherwise condemn'd to.

Lov.

Lov. Their converſation too diverts us better.

Dor. Playing with your Fan, ſmelling to your Gloves,
Commending your Hair, and taking notice how 'tis
Cut and ſhaded after the new way———

Lov. Were it ſillier than you can make it, you muſt
Allow 'tis pleaſanter to laugh at others, than to be laugh'd at
Our ſelves, though never ſo wittily. Then, though they
Want skill to flatter us, they flatter themſelves
So well, they ſave us the labour! we need not take
That care and pains to ſatisfie 'em of our Love,
Which we ſo often loſe on you.

Dor. They commonly indeed believe too well of
Themſelves, and always better of you than you deſerve.

Lov. You are in the right, they have an implicit
Faith in us, which keeps 'em from prying narrowly into
Our ſecrets, and ſaves us the vexatious trouble of
Clearing doubts which your ſubtle and cauſeleſs
Jealouſies every moment raiſe.

Dor. There is an inbred falſhood in Women, which
Inclines 'em ſtill to them, whom they may moſt eaſily deceive.

Lov. The man who loves above his quality,
Does not ſuffer more from the inſolent impertinence of
His Miſtreſs, than the Woman who loves above her
Underſtanding, does from the arrogant preſumptions
Of her Friend.

Dor. You miſtake the uſe of fools, they are deſign'd for
Properties and not for Friends, you have an indifferent
Stock of reputation left yet. Loſe it all like a frank
Gameſter on the Square, 'twill then be time enough
To turn Rook, and cheat it up again on a
Good Subſtantial Bubble.

Lov. The old and the ill-favour'd are only fit for
Properties indeed, but Young and Handſome
Fools have met with kinder fortunes.

Dor. They have, to the ſhame of your ſex be it ſpoken,
'Twas this, the thought of this made me by a timely
Jealouſy, endeavour to prevent the good fortune you
Are providing for Sir *Fopling*———
But againſt a Womans frailty all our care is vain.

Lov. Had I not with a dear experience bought the
Knowledge of your falſhood, you might have fool'd
Me yet. This is not the firſt Jealouſy you have
Feign'd to make a quarrel with me, and get a week
To throw away on ſome ſuch unknown inconſiderable

Slut, as you have been lately lurking with at Plays.

Dor. Women, when they would break off with a man,
Ne'er want th'addreſs to turn the fault on him.

Lov. You take a pride of late in uſing of me ill, that
The Town may know the power you have over me.
Which now (as unreaſonably as your ſelf) expects
That I (do me all the injuries you can) muſt love you ſtill.

Dor. I am ſo far from expecting that you ſhould,
I begin to think you never did love me.

Lov. Would the memory of it were ſo wholly worn
Out in me, that I did doubt it too! what made you
Come to diſturb my growing quiet?

Dor. To give you Joy of your growing infamy

Lov. Inſupportable! inſulting Devil! this from you,
The only Author of my ſhame! this from another
Had been but Juſtice, but from you 'tis a helliſh and
Inhumane outrage. What have I done?

Dor. A thing that puts you below my ſcorn, and
Makes my anger as ridiculous as you have made my Love.

Lov. I walk'd laſt night with Sir *Fopling.*

Dor. You did, Madam, and you talkt and laught aloud
Ha, ha, ha——Oh that laugh, that laugh becomes
The confidence of a Woman of Quality.

Lov. You who have more pleaſure in the ruine of a
Womans reputation, than in the indearments of her love,
Reproach me not with your ſelf, and I defy you to name
The man can lay a blemiſh on my fame

Dor. To be ſeen publickly ſo tranſported with the
Vain follies of that notorious Fop, to me is an infamy
Below the ſin of proſtitution with another man.

Lov. Rail on, I am ſatisfy'd in the Juſtice of what
I did, you had provok'd me to't.

Dor. What I did was the effect of a paſſion, whoſe
Extravagancies you have been willing to forgive.

Lov. And what I did was the effect of a paſſion
You may forgive if you think fit.

Dor. Are you ſo indifferent grown? *Lov.* I am.

Dor. Nay! then 'tis time to part. I'll ſend you back your
Letters you have ſo often askt for:
I have two or three of 'em about me.

Lov. Give 'em me.

Dor. You ſnatch as if you thought I would not——there——
And may the Perjuries in 'em be mine, if e'r I ſee you more.

Lov. Stay! [*Offers to go, ſhe catches him.*

Dor.

Dor. I will not.
Lov. You ſhall.
Dor. What have you to ſay?
Lov. I cannot ſpeak it yet.
Dor. Something more in Commendation of the fool.
Death! I want patience, let me go.
Lov. I cannot.
I can ſooner part with the limbs that hold him. [*Aſide.*
I hate that nauſeous fool, you know I do.
Dor. Was it the ſcandal you were fond of then?
Lov. Y'had rais'd my anger equal to my love, a thing
You ne're could do before, and in revenge I did——
I know not what I did:——Would you would
Not think on't any more.
Dor. Should I be willing to forget it, I ſhall be daily
Minded of it, 'twill be a common place for all the
Town to laugh at me, and *Medley*, when he is Rhetorically
Drunk, will ever be declaiming on it in my ears.
Lov. 'Twill be believ'd a jealous ſpite! Come, forget it.
Dor. Let me conſult my reputation, you are to careleſs of it.
[*Pauſes*] You ſhall meet Sir *Fopling* in the Mail again to night.
Lov. What mean you?
Dor. I have thought on't, and you muſt. 'Tis neceſſary to
Juſtify my love to the world: you can handle a Coxcomb
As he deſerves, when you are not out of humour, Madam!
Lov. Publick ſatisfaction for the wrong I have done you!
This is ſome new device to make me more ridiculous!
Dor. Hear me!
Lov. I will not!
Dor. You will be perſwaded.
Lov. Never.
Dor. Are you ſo obſtinate?
Lov. Are you ſo baſe?
Dor. You will not ſatisfie my love?
Lov. I would die to ſatisfy that, but I will not, to ſave you from
A thouſand racks, do a ſhameleſs thing to pleaſe your vanity.
Dor. Farewel falſe woman.
Lov. Do! go!
Dor. You will call me back again.
Lov. Exquiſite fiend! I knew you came but to torment me.

Enter Bellinda *and* Pert.

Dor. ſurpriz'd] *Bellinda* here!
Bell. Aſide.] He ſtarts! and looks pale, the ſight
Of me has toucht his guilty Soul.

Pert. 'Twas but a qualm as I ſaid, a little indiſgeſtion;
The Surfeit-Water did it, Madam,
Mixt with a little Mirabilis.

Dor. I am confounded! and cannot gueſs how ſhe came hither!

Lov. 'Tis your fortune *Bellinda* ever to be here,
When I am abus'd by this prodigy of ill nature.

Bell. I am amaz'd to find him here!
How has he the face to come near you?

Dor. *Aſide.*] Here is fine work towards!
I never was at ſuch a loſs before.

Bell. One who makes a publick profeſſion of breach of
Faith and Ingratitude! I loath the ſight of him.

Dor. There is no remedy, I muſt ſubmit to their Tongues
Now, and ſome other time bring my ſelf off as well as I can.

Bell. Other men are wicked, but then they have ſome
Senſe of ſhame! he is never well but when he triumphs,
Nay! glories to a Womans face in his Villanies.

Lov. You are in the right, *Bellinda*, but methinks
Your kindneſs for me makes you concern your
Self too much with him.

Bell. It does indeed, my Dear!
His barbarous carriage to you yeſterday, made me hope
You ne're would ſee him more, and the very next day
To find him again, provokes me ſtrangely:
But becauſe I know you love him, I have done.

Dor. You have reproacht me handſomely, and I
Deſerve it for coming hither, but———

Pert. You muſt expect it, Sir! all Women will hate
You, for my Ladies ſake!

Dor. Nay if ſhe begins too, 'tis time to fly! I ſhall be
Scolded to death elſe. [*Aſide to* Bellinda.
I am to blame in ſome circumſtances, I confeſs; but as to
The Main, I am not ſo guilty as you imagine.
I ſhall ſeek a more convenient time to clear my ſelf.

Lov. Do it now! what impediments are here?

Dor. I want time, and you want temper.

Lov. Theſe are weak pretences!

Dor. You were never more miſtaken in your life,
And ſo farewel. [*Dorimant flings off.*

Lov. Call a Footman! *Pert*! quickly,
I will have him dogg'd.

Pert. I wiſh you would not for my quiet and your own.

Lov. I'll find out the infamous cauſe of all
Our quarrels, pluck her Mask off, and expoſe her

Bare-fac'd

Bare-fac'd to the world.

Bell. Let me but escape this time, I'll never [*Aside.*
Venture more.

Lov. *Bellinda*! you shall go with me.

Bell. I have such a heavineſs hangs on me with what
I did this morning, I wou'd fain go home
And sleep, my Dear.

Lov. Death! and eternal darkneſs. I shall never
Sleep again. Raging Feavours seize the world, and make
Mankind as restleſs all as I am. [*Ex. Lovelt.*

Bell. I knew him falſe and help'd to make him so?
Was not her ruine enough to fright me from the danger?
It should have been, but love can take no warning. [*Ex. Bell.*

SCENE II. *Lady Townley's House.*

Enter Medley, Young Bellair, Lady Townley, Emilia *and* Chaplain.

Med. Bear up, *Bellair*, and do not let us see that
Repentance in thine, we daily do in married faces.

L. Town. This Wedding will strangely surprize
My Brother, when he knows it.

Med. Your Nephew ought to conceal it for a time,
Madam, since Marriage has lost its good name, prudent
Men seldom expoſe their own reputations till 'tis
Convenient to justify their Wives.

Old Bell. [*without*] where are you all there?
Out, a Dod, will no body hear?

L. *Town.* My Brother, quickly Mr. *Smirk*, into this Closet,
You must not be seen yet. [*Goes into the Closet.*

Enter Old Bellair *and* L. Townley's Page.

O. Bell. Desire Mr. *Furb* to walk into the lower Parlor,
I will be with him presently——Where have you
Been, Sir, you cou'd not wait on me to day? [*To Y. Bell.*

Y. Bell. About a buſineſs.

O. Bell. Are you so good at buſineſs? a Dod, I
Have a buſineſs too, you shall dispatch out of hand, Sir.
Send for a Parson, Sister; my Lady *Woodvill* and
Her Daughter are coming.

L. *Town.* What need you huddle up things thus?

O. Bell. Out a pise, youth is apt to play the fool,
And 'tis not good it should be in their power.

L. *Town.* You need not fear your Son.

O. Bell.

O. Bell. H'has been idling this morning, and a Dod I do
Not like him. How doſt thou do, Sweet-heart? [*To Emilia.*
Emil. You are very ſevere, Sir, marri'd in ſuch haſte!
O. Bell. Go too, thou art a rogue, and I will talk with thee anon.
Here's my Lady *Woodvill* come. [*Enter* L. Woodvill, Harriet
Welcome, Madam; Mr. *Furb*'s [*and* Buſy.
Below with the Writings.
L. *Wood.* Let us down and make an end then.
O. Bell. Siſter, ſhew the way. [*To* Y. Bell. *who is talking*
Harry, your buſineſs lyes not there yet! [*to* Harriet.
Excuſe him till we have done, Lady, and then, a Dod,
He ſhall be for thee. Mr. *Medley*, we muſt
Trouble you to be a witneſs.
Med. I luckily came for that purpoſe, Sir.
[*Ex.* O. Bell. Medley, Y. Bell. L. Townley *and* L. Woodvill.
Buſy. What Will you do, Madam?
Har. Be carried back and mew'd up in the Countrey agen,
Run away here, any thing, rather than be married to a
Man I do not care for——Dear *Emilia*, do thou adviſe me!
Emil. Mr. *Bellair* is engag'd you know.
Har. I do, but know not what the fear of loſing an
Eſtate may fright him to.
Emil. In the deſp'rate condition you are in, you ſhould
Conſult with ſome judicious man; what think you of
Mr. *Dorimant*?
Har. I do not think of him at all.
Buſy. She thinks of nothing elſe I am ſure——
Emil. How fond your Mother was of Mr. *Courtage*!
Har. Becauſe I contriv'd the miſtake to make a little
Mirth, you believe I like the man.
Emil. Mr. *Bellair* believes you love him.
Har. Men are ſeldome in the right when they gueſs at a
Womans mind; would ſhe, whom he loves, lov'd him no better.
Buſy. *Aſide*] That's e'n well enough on all conſcience.
Emil. Mr. *Dorimant* has a great deal of wit.
Har. And takes a great deal of pains to ſhew it.
Emil. He's extreamly well faſhion'd.
Har. Affectedly grave, or ridiculouſly wild and apiſh.
Buſy. You defend him ſtill againſt your Mother.
Har. I would not were he juſtly ralli'd, but
I cannot hear any one undeſervedly rail'd at.
Emil. Has your woman learnt the Song you
Were ſo taken with?
Har. I was fond of a new thing, 'tis dull at ſecond hearing.

Emil.

Emil. Mr. *Dorimant* made it.

Busy. She knows it, Madam, and has made me sing It at least a dozen times this morning.

Har. Thy tongue is as impertinent as thy fingers.

Emil. You have provok'd her.

Busy. 'Tis but singing the Song and I shall appease her.

Emil. Prithee do.

Har. She has a voice will grate your ears worse than a Cat call, and dresses so ill, she's scarce fit to trick up a Yeomans Daughter on a Holyday.

Busy *sings.*

Song by Sir *C. S.*

As Amoret *with* Phillis *sate,*
One Evening on the Plain,
And saw the charming Strephon *wait*
To tell the Nymph his pain.
The threatning danger to remove
She whisper'd in her Ear,
Ah Phillis, *if you would not love,*
This Shepherd do not hear.
None ever had so strange an Art
His passion to convey
Into a listning Virgins heart
And steal her Soul away.
Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your Fate.
In vain said she, in vain I strive,
Alass! 'tis now too late.

Enter *Dorimant.*

Dor. *Musick so softens and disarms the mind.*

Har. *That not one Arrow does resistance find.*

Dor. Let us make use of the lucky Minute then.

Har. Aside turning from Dorimant.] My love springs with My blood into my face, I dare not look upon him yet.

Dor. What have we here, the picture of celebrated Beauty, giving Audience in publick to a declar'd Lover?

Har. Play the dying Fopp, and make the Piece compleat, Sir.

Dor. What think you if the Hint were well improv'd? The whole mystery of making love pleasantly design'd, And wrought in a Suit of Hangings?

Har. 'Twere needless to execute fools in Effigie, who Suffer daily in their own persons.

Dor. To Emilia *aside.*] Mrs. Bride, for such I know This happy day has made you.

Emil.

Emil. Defer the formal joy you are to give me,
And mind your buſineſs with her———
[*Aloud*] Here are dreadful preparations, Mr. *Dorimant*,
Writings ſealing, and a Parſon ſent for———
Dor. To marry this Lady———
Buſy. Condemn'd ſhe is, and what will become of her
I know not, without you generouſly engage in a Reſcue.
Dor. In this ſad condition, Madam, I can do no leſs
Than offer you my Service.
Har. The obligation is not great, you are the common
Sanctuary for all young Women who run from their Relations.
Dor. I have always my arms open to receive the
Diſtreſſed. But I will open my heart and receive you,
Where none yet did ever enter——You have fill'd it
With a ſecret, might I but let you know it———
Har. Do not ſpeak it, if you would have me believe it;
Your Tongue is ſo fam'd for falſhood, 'twill do the
Truth an injury. [*Turns away her head.*
Dor. Turn not away then, but look on me and gueſs it.
Har. Did you not tell me there was no credit to be given to
Faces? that Women now adays have their paſſions as
Much at will, as they have their Complexions, and
Put on joy and ſadneſs, ſcorn and kindneſs, with the
Same eaſe they do their Paint and Patches———
Are they the only counterfeits?
Dor. You wrong your own, while you ſuſpect my Eyes,
By all the hope I have in you, the inimitable
Colour in your cheeks is not more free from
Art, than are the ſighs I offer.
Har. In men who have been long hardn'd in Sin,
We have reaſon to miſtruſt the firſt ſigns of repentance.
Dor. The proſpect of ſuch a Heav'n will make me
Perſevere, and give you marks that are infallible.
Har. What are thoſe?
Dor. I will renounce all the joys I have in friendſhip
And in Wine, ſacrifice to you all the intereſt
I have in other Women———
Har. Hold—Though I wiſh you devout,
I would not have you turn Fanatick——Could you
Neglect theſe a while and make a journey into the Countrey?
Dor. To be with you I could live there:
And never ſend one thought to *London*.
Har. What e'er you ſay, I know all beyond
High Park's a deſart to you, and that no Gallantry
Can draw you farther.

Dor.

Dor. That has been the utmoſt limit of my Love——
But now my paſſion knows no bounds, and
There's no meaſure to be taken of what I'll do
For you, from any thing I ever did before.

Har. When I hear you talk thus in *Hampſhire*,
I ſhall begin to think there may be ſome truth inlarg'd upon.

Dor. Is this all——will you not promiſe me——

Har. I hate to promiſe! what we do then is expected from
Us, and wants much of the welcome it finds, when it ſurprizes.

Dor. May I not hope?

Har. That depends on you, and not on me, and
'Tis to no purpoſe to forbid it. [*Turns to* Buſy.

Buſy. Faith, Madam, now I perceive the Gentleman
Loves you too, e'en let him know your mind, and
Torment your ſelves no longer.

Har. Doſt think I have no ſenſe of Modeſty?

Buſy. Think, if you loſe this, you may never
Have another opportunity.

Har. May he hate me, (a curſe that frights me
When I ſpeak it!) if ever I do a thing againſt the
Rules of decency and honour.

Dor. [*To Emilia.*] I am beholding to you
For your good intentions, Madam.

Emil. I thought the concealing of our Marriage
From her, might have done you better Service.

Dor. Try her again——

Emil. What have you reſolv'd, Madam?
The time draws near.

Har. To be obſtinate and proteſt againſt this Marriage.

Enter L. Townley *in haſte.*

L. *Town.* [*To Emilia.*] Quickly, quickly, let Mr. *Smirk*
Out of the Cloſet. [Smirk *comes out of the Cloſet.*

Har. A Parſon! had you laid him in here?

Dor. I knew nothing of him.

Har. Should it appear you did, your opinion
Of my eaſineſs may coſt you dear.

Enter O. Bellair, Y. Bellair, Medley, *and* L. Woodvill.

O. Bell. Out a piſe! the Cononical hour is almoſt paſt;
Siſter, is the man of God come?

L. *Town.* He waits your leiſure——

O. Bell. By your favour, Sir. A Dod, a pretty ſpruce fellow!
What may we call him?

L. *Town.* Mr. *Smirk!* my Lady *Biggot*'s Chaplain.

O. Bell. A wiſe woman! a Dod ſhe is.

The man will ſerve for the fleſh as well as the ſpirit. Pleaſe you, Sir, to commiſſion a young Couple to go to Bed together a Gods name? ——— *Harry.*

Y. Bell. Here, Sir——

O. Bell. Out a piſe, without your miſtreſs in your hand!

Smirk. Is this the Gentleman?

O. Bell. Yes, Sir!

Smirk. Are you not miſtaken, Sir?

O. Bell. A Dod, I think not, Sir.

Smirk. Sure you are, Sir?

O. Bell. You look as if you would forbid the Bains, Mr. *Smirk*, I hope you have no pretenſion to the Lady!

Smirk. Wiſh him joy, Sir! I have done him the good Office to day already.

O. Bell. Out a piſe, what do I hear?

L. Town. Never ſtorm, Brother, the truth is out.

O. Bell. How ſay you, Sir! is this your wedding day?

Y. Bell. It is, Sir.

O. Bell. And a Dod it ſhall be mine too,
Give me thy hand, Sweet-heart, [*To* Emilia.
What doſt thou mean? give me thy hand, I ſay.
[*Emil. kneels and Y. Bell.*

L. Town. Come, come, give her your Bleſſing, This is the Woman your Son lov'd, and is marry'd to.

O. Bell. Ha! cheated! cozen'd! and by your contrivance, Siſter!

L. Town. What would you do with her? She's a Rogue and you can't abide her.

Medley. Shall I hit her a pat for you, Sir?

O. Bell. A Dod, you are all Rogues, And I never will forgive you.

L. Town. Whither! whither! away?

Medley. Let him go and cool awhile!

L. Wood. [*to Dorimant.*] Here's a buſineſs broke out now, Mr. *Courtage*, I am made a fine fool of.

Dor. You ſee the old Gentleman knew nothing of it.

L. Wood. I find he did not. I ſhall have ſome trick put upon Me if I ſtay in this wicked Town any longer. *Harriet!* dear Child! where art thou? I'll into the Country ſtraight.

O. Bell. A Dod, Madam, you ſhall hear me firſt———

Enter Loveit *and* Bellinda.

Lov. Hither my Man dog'd him!———

Bell. Yonder he ſtands, my Dear.

Lov. I ſee him.——— [*Aſide.*
And with him the Face that has undone me! oh that I were

But

But where I might throw out the Anguiſh of my heart,
Here it muſt rage within and break it.

L. *Town.* Mrs. *Loveit!* are you afraid to come forward?

Lov. I was amaz'd to ſee ſo much company here in a Morning, the occaſion ſure is extraordinary———

Dor. Aſide.] *Loveit* and *Bellinda!* the Devil owes me a Shame to day, and I think never will have done paying it.

Lov. Marry'd! dear *Emilia!* how am I tranſported With the News?

Har. to Dorimant.] I little thought *Emilia* was the woman Mr. *Bellair* was in love with——I'll chide her for not truſting Me with the ſecret.

Dor. How do you like Mrs. *Loveit?*

Har. She's a fam'd Mrs. of yours I hear———

Dor. She has been on occaſion!

O. Bell. A Dod, Madam, I cannot help it. [*To* L. Woodvil.

L. *Wood.* You need make no more Apologies, Sir.

Emil. to Loveit.] The old Gentleman's excuſing Himſelf to my Lady *Woodvil.*

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! I never heard of any thing ſo pleaſant.

Har. She's extreamly overjoy'd at ſomething. [*To* Dor.

Dor. At nothing, ſhe is one of thoſe hoyting Ladies, Who gayly fling themſelves about, and force a laugh, When their aking hearts are full of diſcontent and malice.

Lov. Oh Heav'n! I was never ſo near killing my ſelf with Laughing——Mr. *Dorimant!* are you a Brideman?

L. *Wood.* Mr. *Dorimant!* is this Mr. *Dorimant*, Madam?

Lov. If you doubt it, your daughter can reſolve you, I ſuppoſe.

L. *Wood.* I am cheated too, baſely cheated.

O. Bell. Out a pize, what's here more Knavery yet!

L. *Wood. Harriet!* on my Bleſſing come away I charge you.

Har. Dear Mother! do but ſtay and hear me.

L. *Wood.* I am betray'd, and thou art undone I fear.

Har. Do not fear it——I have not; nor never will do any Thing againſt my duty——believe me! dear Mother, do.

Dor. to Lov.] I had truſted you with this ſecret, but that I knew the violence of your Nature would ruine my fortune, As now unluckily it has: I thank you, Madam.

Lov. She's an Heireſs I know, and very rich.

Dor. To ſatisfy you I muſt give up my intereſt wholly to My Love, had you been a reaſonable woman, I might have ſecur'd 'em both, and been happy———

Lov. You might have truſted me with any thing of this kind, You know you might. Why did you go under a wrong Name?

Dor. The ſtory is too long to tell you now, be ſatisfied, this Is the buſineſs; this is the Maſque has kept me from you.

Bell. He's tender of my honor, though he's [*Aſide.* Cruel to my Love.

Lov. Was it no idle Miſtreſs then?

Dor. Believe me a Wife, to repair the Ruines of my eſtate that needs it.

Lov. The knowledge of this makes my Grief Hang lighter on my ſoul; but I ſhall never more be happy.

Dor. Bellinda!

Bell. Do not think of clearing your ſelf with me, it is Impoſſible——Do all men break their words thus?

Dor. Th'extravagant words they ſpeak in love; 'Tis as unreaſonable to expect we ſhould perform all we Promiſe then, as do all we threaten when we are angry—— When I ſee you next———

Bell. Take no notice of me, and I ſhall not hate you.

Dor. How came you to Mrs. *Loveit?*

Bell. By a miſtake the Chairmen made for want of My giving them directions.

Dor. 'Twas a pleaſant one. We muſt meet agen.

Bell. Never. *Dor.* Never!

Bell. When we do, may I be as infamous as you are falſe.

L. *Town.* Men of Mr. *Dorimant's* Character, always Suffer in the general opinion of the World.

Med. You can make no judgment of a witty man from Common fame, conſidering the prevailing Faction, Madam——

O. Bell. A Dod, he's in the right.

Med. Beſides 'tis a common errour among Women, to Believe too well of them they know, and too ill of them they don't.

O. Bell. A Dod, he obſerves well.

L. *Town.* Believe me, Madam, you will find Mr. *Dorimant* As civil a Gentleman as you thought Mr. *Courtage.*

Har. If you have mind to know him better——

L. Wood. You have a mind to know him better! Come away——You ſhall never ſee him more———

Har. Dear Mother, ſtay ———

L. *Wood.* I wo'not be conſenting to your Ruine——

Har. Were my fortune in your power———

L. *Wood.* Your perſon is.

Har. Could I be diſobedient I might take it out of Yours, and put it into his.

L. *Wood.* 'Tis that you would be at, you Would marry this *Dorimant.*

Har.

Har. I cannot deny it! I would, and never will
Marry any other Man.

L. *Wood.* Is this the Duty that you promis'd?

Har. But I will never marry him againſt your will——

L. Wood. She knows the way to melt my heart. [*Aſide.*
Upon your ſelf light your undoing. [*To Har.*

Med. [*To O. Bell.*] Come, Sir, you have not the heart
Any longer to refuſe your bleſſing.

O. Bell. A Dod, I ha'not——Riſe, and God bleſs you both——
Make much of her *Harry*, ſhe deſerves thy kindneſs——
A Dod ſirrah, I did not think it had been in thee. [*To Emilia.*

Enter Sir Fopling *and's* Page.

Sir *Fop.* 'Tis a damn'd windy day! hey Page!
Is my Perriwig right?

Page. A little out of order, Sir!

Sir *Fop.* Pox o'this apartment, it wants an Antichamber
To adjuſt ones ſelf in. Madam! I came from [*To Loveit.*
Your houſe, and your Servants directed me hither.

Lov. I will give order hereafter they ſhall direct you better.

Sir *Fop.* The great ſatisfaction I had in the Mail laſt night
Has given me much diſquiet ſince.

Lov. 'Tis likely to give me more than I deſire.

Sir *Fop.* What the Devil makes her ſo reſerv'd?
Am I guilty of an indiſcretion, Madam?

Lov. You will be of a great one, if you continue your miſtake, Sir.

Sir *Fop.* Something puts you out of humour.

Lov. The moſt fooliſh inconſiderable thing that ever did.

Sir *Fop.* Is it in my power?

Lov. To hang or drown it, do one of 'em,
And trouble me no more.

Sir *Fop.* So fierè Serviteur, Madam—*Medley*, where's *Dorimant*?

Med. Methinks the Lady has not made you thoſe
Advances to day ſhe did laſt night, Sir *Fopling*——

Sir *Fop.* Prithee do not talk of her.

Med. She would be a bone fortune.

Sir *Fop.* Not to me at preſent. *Med.* How ſo?

Sir *Fop.* An intrigue now would be but a temptation to me.
To throw away that Vigour on one which I mean ſhall ſhortly
Make my Court to the whole Sex in a Ballet.

Med. Wiſely conſider'd, Sir *Fopling*.

Sir *Fop.* No one woman is worth the loſs of a Cut in a Caper.

Med. Not when 'tis ſo univerſally deſign'd.

L. *Wood.* Mr. *Dorimant*, every one has ſpoke ſo much in
Your behalf, that I can no longer doubt but I was in the wrong.

Lov.

Lov. There's nothing but falſhood and impertinence in this World! all men are Villains or Fools; take example from my Misfortunes. *Bellinda*, if thou would'ſt be happy, give thy Self wholly up to goodneſs.

Har. [*to Loveit.*] Mr. *Dorimant* has been your God Almighty long enough, 'tis time to think of another———

Lov. Jeer'd by her! I will lock my ſelf up in my houſe, And never ſee the world again.

Har. A Nunnery is the more faſhionable place for ſuch a Retreat, and has been the fatal conſequence of many a Belle paſſion.

Lov. Hold heart! till I get home! ſhould I anſwer, 'Twould make her Triumph greater. [*Is going out.*

Dor. Your hand, Sir *Fopling*——

Sir *Fop.* Shall I wait upon you, Madam?

Lov. Legion of Fools, as many Devils take thee. [*Ex.* Lov.

Med. Dorimant? I pronounce thy reputation clear ——and Henceforward when I would know any thing Of woman, I will conſult no other Oracle.

Sir *Fop.* Stark mad, by all that's handſome! *Dorimant*, Thou haſt engag'd me in a pretty buſineſs.

Dor. I have not leiſure now to talk about it.

O. Bell. Out a pize, what does this man of mode do here agen?

L. *Town.* He'll be an excellent entertainment within, Brother, And is luckily come to raiſe the mirth of the Company.

L. *Wood.* Madam, I take my leave of you.

L. *Town.* What do you mean, Madam?

L. *Wood.* To go this afternoon part of my way to *Hartly*----

O. Bell. A Dod you ſhall ſtay and dine firſt! come we will All be good friends, and you ſhall give Mr. *Dorimant* Leave to wait upon you and your Daughter in the Countrey.

L. *Wood.* If his occaſions bring him that way, I have now So good an opinion of him, he ſhall be welcome.

Har. To a great rambling lone houſe, that looks as it were not Inhabited, the family's ſo ſmall; there you'll find my Mother, an Old lame Aunt, and my ſelf, Sir, perch'd up on chairs at a diſtance In a large parlour; ſitting moping like three or four melancholy Birds in a ſpacious vollary—does not this ſtagger your reſolution?

Dor. Not at all, Madam! the firſt time I ſaw you, You left me with the pangs of love upon me, which is Day my Soul has quite given up her [illegible]

Har. This is more diſmal than the Country! *Emilia!* pity me, Who am going to that ſad place, Methinks I hear the hateful noiſe Of Rooks already—[illegible] muſick in the

Worſt

Worſt Cry in *London*! My Dill and Cowcumbers to pickle.

O. Bell. Siſter! knowing of this matter, I hope you
Have provided us ſome good Chear.

L. *Fown.* I have, Brother, and the Fiddles too——

O. Bell. Let 'em ſtrike up then, the young Lady ſhall
Have a dance before ſhe departs. [*Dance.*

[*After the Dance.*

So now we'll in, and make this an arrant wedding-day——

And if theſe honeſt Gentlemen rejoyce, [*To the Pitt.*
A Dod the Boy has made a happy choice. [*Ex. Omnes.*

The

The EPILOGUE by Mr. *Dryden.*

MOST Modern Wits, such monstrous Fools have shown,
They seem'd not of Heav'ns making but their own.
Those Nauseous Harlequins in Farce may pass,
But there goes more to a substantial Ass!
Something of man must be expos'd to View,
That, Gallants, they may more resemble you:
Sir Fopling *is a Fool so nicely writ,*
The Ladies wou'd mistake him for a Wit.
And when he sings, talks loud, and cocks; wou'd cry,
I vow methinks he's pretty Company,
So brisk, so gay, so travail'd, so refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True Fops help Natures work, and go to School,
To file and finish God-a'mighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling *him, or him can call;*
He's Knight o'th' Shire, and represents ye all.
From each he meets, he culls what e'er he can,
Legion's his name, a People in a Man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o're you, like a Snow-ball growes.
His various modes from various Fathers follow,
One taught the Toss, and one the new French *Wallow.*
His Sword-knot, this; his Crevat, this design'd,
And this, the yard long Snake he twirls behind.
From one the sacred Perriwig he gain'd,
Which Wind ne'er blew, nor Touch of Hat prophan'd.
Anothers diving Bow he did adore,
Which, with a shog, casts all the hair before:
'Till he with full Decorum brings it back,
And rises with a Water Spaniel shake.
As for his Songs (the Ladies dear delight)
Those sure he took from most of you who write.
Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd,
For no one Fool is hunted from the herd.

FINIS.

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